

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

IN next week's issue of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* will be given the first instalment of a series of articles, "Trains of Thought," by Mr. G. S. Street, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to readers of this journal.

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for next week will contain the first—and it is hoped not the last—of a series of Monthly Reports of the best selling books. The use of such reports to publishers and booksellers is obvious; not so obviously but equally valuable in reality will such reports be to students of our literary history and progress. There is much that is strange and unaccountable in the geographical distribution of taste in books; of course books on Devonshire naturally will appeal to dwellers in that delightful county, so, too, will books on Scotland to Scotsmen; this is all simple enough, but there are vagaries of taste, permanent, if I may say so of a vagary, and unaccountable.

FURTHERMORE, take fiction for example, this novel will sell well—therefore presumably be well read—in the North, that novel in the South; why so? No scientific study has ever yet been made or written, as far as I am aware, of what may be called "The Natural History of the Book Reader, his ways and habits, his good manners and his bad." It is an interesting subject, and nowadays when writers are so keenly searching for an untilled field it is scarcely likely to remain untouched much longer.

THE issue of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* for April 23 will be made a Shakespeare Commemoration number, including an itinerary of sites and buildings associated with Shakespeare in London, articles on various Shakespeare topics, many illustrations, &c.

In his speech at the annual general meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution on March 10 Mr. C. J. Longman referred to the proposal to establish a Booksellers' Club in London, for the further discussion of which plan a meeting will be held later on. But surely what is wanted is not a social club pure and simple, but some sort of central association such as that I suggested in last week's issue of *THE ACADEMY*, a centre of news and practical information, to which booksellers all over the country could subscribe, and doubtless would. The development of the proposed scheme for a club will, however, be watched with interest by all—by all, for all book-buyers and book-lovers are interested in the welfare of the bookselling trade.

It appears from "The Newspaper Press Directory" for 1904 that there are 2,595 magazines published now in the United Kingdom. The first thought that occurs on facing these figures is the immense amount of money



MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL

[Photo. W. Herbert Lanyon, St. Ives]

that must be expended by the publishers of these periodicals, the great sum annually spent by advertisers in the same and the numberless shillings and sixpences paid out monthly by the public to the newsagents and booksellers. The second thought is: what influence for good or bad do these periodicals exert? There can be no doubt that their influence is both good and bad. We have many admirable magazines, admirably written and

admirably illustrated; whatever their influence may be it must work for good.

On the other hand there are many periodicals which are in no sense of the word admirable. They are filled with scrappy and too often ill-informed articles and flashy, sensational stories; their illustrations—drawn from photographs—are of the crudest description; neither to the mind nor to the eye can they be considered profitable. Their circulation and presumably their influence are immense; can their existence be for a moment counted as a boon? Indeed, this whole question of the reading of cheap magazines in preference too often to the reading of books is one surrounded with difficulties. Is it more profitable not to read at all than to read trash? Surely so. A vast portion of the reading public to-day is in too great a hurry as regards reading; too hurried and too little ready to expend any thought upon what is read. No long or well-considered article appeals to them—all they crave for, as the gin crawler craves for gin, is for stimulant, and stimulant to-day calls for stronger stimulant to-morrow. The outlook is not altogether pleasant either to the lover of literature or to the social politician.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS' articles in "The North American Review" make good reading. I quote a passage on Longfellow, unusually appreciative of that writer:

"He is almost always sound in quality, and sound in style. Even where sentimentally he is thinnest and most trite, as in 'The Footsteps of Angels,' 'The Rainy Day,' 'The Bridge,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' 'Children,' we are touched and rightly touched; for the pathos, though so simple, is so genuine, and its expression so exquisite in its propriety. 'The Psalm of Life' is a noble poem, and all the mouthings of it in Infant Schools and in Young Men's Christian Associations, and all the strummings of 'middle-class' pianos, will never make it other than noble. Though his themes are so often the themes so dear to Eliza Cook and her circle, his refinement and tact always enabled him to maintain a level above commonplace. He was never trivial; his style never lacks distinction."

THERE is, also, some plain speaking of Walt Whitman:

"But Whitman's virtues will be of no more avail, and all he has left will inevitably fall 'into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.' The world never respects a man who does not respect himself, and to bawl out indiscriminately 'what should be said and what should not be said' was a synonym with the Greeks for a scoundrel. Of this offence Whitman was guilty, not accidentally but on principle, not morally only but intellectually and aesthetically. He was, no doubt, what he was fond of calling himself, a child of Nature, and his admirers have called him the poet of Nature; but no poet can be true to Nature who is not true to art."

Mr. Collins dares to be prophetic!

THE International Printing, Stationery, and Allied Trades Exhibition will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from Saturday, April 30, to Saturday, May 4, inclusive. In addition to the ordinary trade exhibits there will be special exhibitions of Art Illustrations in Monochrome and Colour, Picture Posters, Illuminated Addresses, and Cloth and "Extra" Bindings. There will also be an Historical Exhibition of Printed Work, Books and Prints, and of Japanese Prints in monochrome and colour, dating from 1660.

At the Gaiety Theatre we have been given a more or less close portrait of a famous ex-Cabinet Minister, and now in the illustrations to "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by Mr. Chesterton, we seem to recognise the features of a well-known critic and essayist. These very striking illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. W. Graham Robertson, and are admirable examples of the fine colour effect that can be obtained from the proper massing of black and white. Lucky Mr. Chesterton, to have been granted such illustrations.

THE sum of £700 has already been received in response to the invitation for subscriptions issued by the Lecky Memorial Committee; in all some £1,500 will be needed. The memorial will take the form of a bronze statue, to be erected in the precincts of Trinity College. Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurers, Lecky Memorial Fund, 36 Molesworth Street, Dublin.

It is always good news to hear of a new volume from Lafcadio Hearn, the greatest of English-speaking writers on Japan; a writer who gives us the mind, not merely the manner of the Japanese. "Kevaidan" is the title of his forthcoming book, stories somewhat akin to those in the same writer's "In Ghostly Japan," sometimes only curious, sometimes horrible. Some of them are insect studies, and that on ants will be found to be full of curious speculation anent future human development and Spencer's theories of moral evolution. The volume will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

PROFESSOR C. G. D. ROBERTS has written an Acadian story dealing with the siege of Louisbourg, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle."

AMONG the most interesting paragraphs concerning religion in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography" are the following:

"Largely, however, if not chiefly, this change of feeling toward religious creeds and their sustaining institutions has resulted from a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never become an unfilled sphere, but that there must continue to arise afresh the great questions concerning ourselves and surrounding things, and that, if not positive answers, must ever remain. Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need; feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found."

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON are publishing a volume shortly which should prove of considerable interest to all students of the Catholic University question in Ireland. The writer is Mr. Michael McCarthy, author of "Five Years in Ireland" and "Priests and People in Ireland," and though writing as a Catholic he will be found in his new venture to criticise somewhat trenchantly the methods of the Catholic Association in Ireland.

A LIMITED edition of "The Place Names of Hertfordshire," by Professor Skeat, will shortly be issued by the East Hertfordshire Archaeological Society; the work is planned on the same principles as "The Place Names of Cambridgeshire," published in 1900. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. W. B. Gerish, secretary of the Society, at Bishop's Stortford. The same gentle-

man has also written number two of Hertfordshire Folk Lore, "A Hertfordshire Robin Hood," being the story of Jack o' Legs, who lies buried in Weston Churchyard. He was an outlaw who infested the Great North Road, and was in his way a picturesque and moral ruffian.

MR. GUY THORNE'S story, "When It Was Dark," published by Greening & Co., has met with very varied clerical commendation, among those who have found much in it to interest being the Bishop of London, who referred to it in a sermon recently preached at Westminster Abbey, the Bishop of Exeter, the Dean of Durham, and the Reverend R. J. Campbell.

HERE is the provisional programme of the London Shakespeare League's "Shakespeare Commemoration":—Friday, April 22, at the Theatre, Burlington House, performance of "Much Ado about Nothing," by the Elizabethan Stage Society, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, 4 o'clock; preceded at 3.45 by an inaugural address by the President, Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Saturday, April 23 (Shakespeare Day), a ramble in Shakespeare's London, 3 (particulars will be announced later); reception by the President and Council at the Criterion Restaurant at 7.30, followed by the Commemoration Dinner at 8. Sunday, April 24, divine service with sermon at St. Paul's and at Westminster Abbey. Monday, April 25, at the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by Dr. Richard Garnett (subject to be announced later). Tuesday, April 26, arrangements not complete. Wednesday, April 27, at the Theatre, Burlington House, 8.30, address by the Rev. R. S. De Courcy Laffan, on "Shakespeare's Boyhood." Thursday, April 28, arrangements not complete. Friday, April 29, a Shakespeare recital by Mr. J. H. Leigh, at Steinway Hall, 3; conversazione at the Passmore Edwards Hall, Tavistock Square, at 8, when the President, Dr. Furnivall, will deliver a concluding address.

THERE will be a Shakespeare matinée at the Court Theatre on April 23, when Mr. J. H. Leigh will address the audience in observance of Shakespeare Day.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE is in some circles even more famous as a raconteur than as a geologist. His book of "Scottish Reminiscences" which Messrs. MacLehose will issue in a few days is, therefore, looked for with high expectation. For Sir Archibald's experience may almost be said to be unique. There is in Scotland "not a county, hardly a parish," which he has not wandered over again and again in the exercise of his official duty. And in his wanderings he was accustomed to take his quarters where he could find them—in country towns, in quiet villages, in wayside inns, in country houses, in shepherds' shielings, and in crofters' huts. Such experiences must have widened his sympathies at the same time that they extended his store of anecdote; while they also enabled him to note at close quarters the social changes of his country during the period since the introduction of railways.

ON the occasion of the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the institution of Glasgow University orations were delivered in memory of Adam Smith, James Watt, and William Hunter. The success of the commemoration meetings of 1901 has led to the institution of a regular Commemoration Day; and the first of these will be held on the 19th proximo.

The scheme embraces a religious service, followed by an address or lecture recalling the memory and achievements of some distinguished teacher or benefactor of the University, concluding with a banquet in the evening. Having in mind the attention that is at present being bestowed upon radium and the problems of physical chemistry, the University authorities have fixed upon the name and work of Joseph Black as the subject of this year's oration.



Detail from Ghirlandajo's fresco of the Birth of the Virgin, in S. Maria Novella, Florence

PORTRAIT OF LUCREZIA TORNABUONI

[Reduced Illustration from "Mural Painting" (Sands)]

JOSEPH BLACK was Lecturer in Chemistry in the old College of Glasgow from 1756 to 1766, and in that capacity gave the first impulse to investigations of the kind which are at present attracting so much attention, by his enunciation of the doctrine of latent heat. The appreciation of Black at the commemoration will be delivered by one of the most eminent of living investigators in physical chemistry, who also began his career on the teaching staff of Glasgow University—Sir William Ramsay, of University College, London. The Commemoration Day will, it is assumed, be an annual function.

A NARRATIVE poem written in sonnets is, whatever the standard of its accomplishment, a "literary feat." This is the character of "Schiehallion, and Other

Poems," by the Rev. John Sinclair, for which a clerical brother, the Rev. Peter Anton, has written an introductory letter of commendation, and which will be published by Mr. Mackay, of Stirling. The poem consists of seven cantos, each containing twenty-two sonnets, or one hundred and fifty-four sonnets in all. Schiehallion, which is a mountain of over 3,500 feet in height, is, as Mr. Anton says, "a noble subject," and the poet, we are told, has seen it in every garment and mood. The other poems in the book are original, translated and selected, and for the most part have reference to the Rannoch district. The translations are from the works of Dugald Buchanan, the Gaelic poet-evangelist, who was the greatest hymn-writer of the Highlands, and the selections are from what Mr. Anton calls the dust-heap of Struan Robertson, which, however, contains "golden nuggets not a few."

Bibliographical

IT is pleasant to see that Mr. Moring is going to add Coleridge's "Table Talk" to his "King's Classics." But why "newly arranged"? Why not let us have a simple reprint of the "Talk" as produced in 1835 under the editorship of H. N. Coleridge? There have not been many separate reprints of the "Talk," which usually has been presented in selections, or along with other Coleridgeana. Mr. W. H. Dircks edited "Passages" from it a dozen years ago. I suppose the most careful reproduction of it was in the "Table Talk and Omniana," edited by Thomas Ashe for Bohn's Standard Library in 1884. In this there was some "new matter," taken from Allsop's "Recollections." Miss Ida Samuel is to edit the "Talk" for Mr. Moring, and perhaps she intends to give us all the authentic dicta of Coleridge which she can discover. Mr. E. H. Coleridge gave us S. T. C.'s "Anima Poetae" in 1895, but that book has never taken the place in our affections which the "Table Talk" has always occupied and will continue to occupy. In "The King's Poets," I see, Mr. Moring proposes to include Morris' "Defence of Guinevere, and Other Poems," an arrangement rendered a little unnecessary by the recent reprint of the "Defence" by Messrs. Longman.

One of the most praiseworthy of forthcoming reproductions in "The Temple Classics" will be that of Feltham's "Resolves, Divine, Moral, Political." Of this, it would seem, there has been no edition since 1820, when that of 1806 (which had some "account of the author," by J. Cumming) was reprinted. In 1800 there had been a selection of "Beauties" from the "Resolves," which was reprinted in 1818. In the seventeenth century the "Resolves" ran through at least nine editions; the twelfth is dated 1709. For a new translation of Pascal's "Pensées," as promised by W. F. Trotter, there is not, perhaps, a very insistent call. Was there not a version by C. S. Jerram in 1898, and another by E. T. Frere in 1891? We have had Mr. Kegan Paul's translation since 1884; and was not one added to Bohn's Libraries in 1846? Basil Kennet's was reprinted so recently as 1893. The reprint of Dante Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets" will necessarily be of the first edition, issued in 1861. But Rossetti revised and re-arranged this in 1873 under the title of "Dante and his Circle," which was reproduced, with a preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in 1892. The reprinting of the 1861 book seems, in the circumstances, a little unfair to its author.

Admirers of the poetry of Richard Crashaw cannot

properly complain that it has been neglected in England during the last half-century. In 1856 we had the "Complete Works," edited by W. B. Turnbull, in the "Library of Old Authors." Then we had them in 1868 in the "Fuller's Worthies Library," edited by Dr. A. B. Grosart. After that, I admit, there was a lull, until in 1887 Mr. J. R. Tutin came to the fore with an annotated selection from the poems, which he followed up, exactly ten years later, with a reprint of the "Carmen Deo Nostro: Sacred Poems." This was followed in 1900 by a reprint by Mr. Tutin of "The Delights of the Muses," and in 1901 by Mr. Tutin's "Notes and Illustrations" to the English poems. In 1899, by the way, a selection from Crashaw's English poems found a place in "The Little Library." Now the English poems are to be edited by Mr. A. R. Waller as part and parcel of the "Cambridge English Classics."

Messrs. Bell and Bullen's new edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher will, of course, be very welcome. Such an edition is much wanted—is, in truth, very much more wanted than any elaborate reprint of Ben Jonson. We have had no worthy edition of Beaumont and Fletcher since that in eleven volumes which Dyce prefaced and annotated in 1843-6. Immediately prior to that came the two-volume edition of 1840 with notes by George Darley. That, again, was preceded by the edition in fourteen volumes annotated by Weber and issued in 1812. Weber, Darley, and Dyce are the three editors of Beaumont and Fletcher in the departed century. In the eighteenth century there was the edition in ten volumes, "collated and corrected," with notes by Theobald, Seward, and Simpson, which George Colman re-issued in 1778. Before this there had been a seven-volume edition in 1711. Farther back than that we need not go.

In the making of "Selections from 'The Anti-Jacobin'" (Methuen & Co.) Mr. Lloyd Sanders has had several predecessors. The first was the compiler of a 12mo volume called "Beauties of 'The Anti-Jacobin,'" which appeared in 1799 and professed to contain "every article of permanent utility" and "the whole of the excellent poetry." This was followed by "The Poetry of 'The Anti-Jacobin,'" the second edition of which came out in 1800, and the fourth in 1801. Revised, and fitted with explanatory notes by Charles Edmonds, this collection was reproduced in 1852, and again in 1854, in the latter case with the etchings by Gillray. This 1854 edition was brought out again, in quarto, in 1890. Selections from "The Anti-Jacobin" were included by Henry Morley in volume vi. of his "Carisbrooke Library" in 1889. Mr. Sanders' "Selections" have the advantage of a readable and useful introduction, with the addition of some miscellaneous verses from the pen of Canning.

The appearance of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin" in book form at the popular price of one shilling "net" is not the very latest phase of the existence of that truly successful work. This very day (Friday) sees the issue by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett of a new impression of the illustrated edition which came out in November 1902. "Aylwin," indeed, has had a career of uninterrupted triumph. Originally published at six shillings in October 1898, it has been reprinted in that form, I am told, something like fifteen times. In July 1900 it was issued (re-set) at sixpence. Rather more than a year later came a three-and-sixpenny ("Snowdon") edition. Then came the illustrated edition, which I venture to think the most desirable of all. All of these editions, it should be said, have been issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Man of Letters

LETTERS OF LORD ACTON TO MARY, DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. Edited with an introductory memoir by Herbert Paul. (Allen. 15s. net.)

"The most erudite of men." Yet he died, and no great book bore his name. He had been so busy a reader all his life, so systematic a note-taker, so absorbed in sowing what others might reap, he seemed not far removed from the miser who dies finally of starvation rather than spend a coin upon bread. The mental capacity of Lord Acton seemed likely to lapse into a myth; and when the rumour rose that a volume of the letters he addressed to a lady was to be published, people shook their heads, guessed at a sentiment, and marvelled that a mountain of studentship should bring forth at last so ridiculous a mouse. Wisdom has been justified of her son. The letters to Mrs. Drew establish Lord Acton as a Man of Letters indeed; the historian is shown as the maker of history; and the man of references, who could not write history because he knew too much, is shown to be the possessor of an easy pen, the framer of sentences that are perfect as such, the manipulator of materials that grow light beneath his handling. Lord Acton not only had his reserve forces; he could apply them with exquisite nicety at daily need.

He did not give himself out to be a literary man; but his literary judgments are nearly always saner—sane than the tit-bits of the daily papers' quotations would suggest. He had far more subtle things to say of Carlyle than that he "invented Oliver Cromwell":

It is by accident, by the accident that I read Coleridge first, that Carlyle never did me any good. Excepting Froude I think him the most detestable of historians. The doctrine of heroes, the doctrine that will is above law, comes next in atrocity to the doctrine that the flag covers the goods, that the cause justifies its agents. Carlyle's robust mental independence is not the same thing as originality. The Germans love him because he is an echo of the voices of their own classic age. He lived in the thought of Germany when it was not at its best, between Herder and Richter, before the age of discipline and science. It gave him his most valuable faculty, that of standing aside from the current of contemporary English ideas, but it gave him no rule for judging, no test of truth, no definite conviction, no certain method, and no sure conclusion. But he had historic grasp, which is a rare quality—some sympathy with things that are not evident, and a vague fluctuating notion of the work of impersonal forces. There is a flash of genius in "Past and Present," and in the "French Revolution," though it is a wretched history.

Of Carlyle's personal influence over many considerable minds, Lord Acton goes on to say that it was "a stimulating, not a guiding influence, as when Stanley asked what he ought to do, and Carlyle answered, 'Do your best.'" Many a judgment of Lord Acton's is equally searching and complete; we are enlarged beyond common confines; we lose none of the emotions of contemporaries, yet we feel ourselves judging with posterity. The one thing that almost baffled Lord Acton was his own appreciation of George Eliot. "It is hard to say why I rate 'Middlemarch' so high," he says. We have no space for quotation of his attempt;

but a sentence which throws light upon the "Jane-Austen-next-to-Shakespeare" problem should be extracted:

"George Eliot seemed to me capable not only of reading the diverse hearts of men, but of creeping into their skin, watching the world through their eyes, feeling their latent background of conviction, discerning theory and habit, influences of thought and knowledge, of life and of descent, and, having obtained this experience, recovering her independence, stripping off the borrowed shell, and exposing scientifically and indifferently the soul of



Illustration from "The Vineyard," by Mrs. Craigie (Unwin)

a Vestal, a Crusader, an Anabaptist, an Inquisitor, a Dervish, a Nihilist, or a Cavalier, without attraction, preference or caricature."

Lord Acton, as History's dedicated priest, must have had a singular delight in helping to make it. The peerage that came to him amid the throes of the Vatican Council may have attached him to Gladstone. If it did, we do not grumble; for the general revolt amongst Gladstonian peers against Gladstonian policy almost gives colour to the cynic's uncomfortable suggestion that, while many men have virtue enough to bear an injury, few are magnanimous enough to accept a favour without resentment. Lord Acton, the devout Roman Catholic layman, dropping hints about likely men for vacant Anglican Bishoprics, is a suggestive figure. How empty he was of prepossessions may be seen from one of his grounds for favouring Liddon:—

Liddon, he said, had a stubbornness which secured him against temptations to Rome. When Lord Acton recommended Bond for the Record Office, and Bond did not get it, a reason given was that it could not be given to a Roman Catholic. Bond, in fact, was a Presbyterian; but it had been presumed that he must be a Roman Catholic—because Lord Acton had commended him!

The editing of the book has been thoroughly well done; and nothing could well be more unreasonable than the complaints made of passages which baffle with initials. "I was much distressed at the hopeless badness of C—'s speech," for instance. There are enough people who *can* fill the name in: meanwhile the safe advice about any such hiatus may perhaps be: "When in doubt, say Chamberlain." The extraordinary absence of the partisan in Acton has perhaps misled even the careful biographer. Mr. Paul has not quite realised the liberty of Roman Catholics to oppose a dogma before its definition; or their consistency in accepting, after that promulgation, what they before opposed. Lord Acton satisfied his Bishop after the Vatican Council as to his orthodoxy; and he satisfied himself, before the end of life, that he had tilted against windmills. His presence and speech at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Westminster Cathedral should have had a mention in the Biography. Again, Mr. Paul may mislead some readers by his remark that "Newman submitted" to the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Newman had never opposed it. He did not think the Definition opportune at the time; nor did he change that opinion. The Index should have had a more careful revision. There is no such person as "John" Mozley; and the two brothers, Thomas (whose name nowhere appears) and James, are hopelessly confounded; so also are the late Dr. W. G. Ward and his son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, with rather ludicrous results.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

A Romantic Fantasy

HENRY BROCKEN: *HIS TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE RICH, STRANGE, SCARCE-IMAGINABLE REGIONS OF ROMANCE*. By Walter J. De La Mare. (Murray. 6s.)

MR. DE LA MARE (who adds on the title-page the pen-name of "Walter Ramal") has produced in this book a romance much less wildly wonderful and "scarce-imaginable" than might be supposed from the somewhat wordy and pretentious title—or rather sub-title. It is, in effect, an exercise in a mode of fanciful romance which—after one fashion or another—has been frequently employed before, with various success. It is the romance which resurrects the immortals of creative fiction, and conceives a series of more or less irresponsible adventures in their company, or revolving around them. There is a natural foundation for it in the sense we all have of these creatures' reality—"forms more real than living man," as Shelley sings—and the desire we have all felt, at one time or other, to meet in the flesh these "nurslings of immortality." Moreover, it affords unlimited scope to wandering fantasy, upon which, indeed, its success mainly depends. We have all come across examples of it, some of them perhaps pleasant recollections of our childhood. Nay, do not Lewis Carroll's two masterpieces largely turn upon this device?

But with that exception, we cannot recall any book of this nature which has taken permanent place in literature; and perhaps the fact (if so it be) may suggest an inherent difficulty in the scheme. It chal-

lenges comparisons too formidable. The resurrected immortals are apt to have become strangely pale and disappointingly unreal since first we met them; the author cannot persuade us that these are the same people we knew so well. Lewis Carroll kept to Nursery-land, where the personalities were less defined; and the wise discretion facilitated his task. Of Humpty-Dumpty or the Knave of Hearts we have no very individualised conception in the nursery. But when you bring back to life the heroes and heroines of great novels or poetry, you have to do with vital personalities. You are spared the labour of creation; but because your characters are already created, the strain is the severer on your dramatic power, your power of characterisation.

Now that is what Mr. De La Mare has done. Henry Brocken sets out, a child, to seek 'n the flesh and in some strange land his darling creatures of fiction. Of course, he promptly finds them, and grows to manhood in his journey. But the idea of childhood is not kept for a page; he talks and acts as a man in his first encounter. Lucy Gray, Herrick's mistresses, Chaucer's Cressid, with other ladies of poetry; the Sleeping Beauty, Bottom the Weaver, Gulliver, nay—most daring of all—Bunyan's characters and Jane Eyre, are among the people he meets. We cannot say his dramatic power quite rises to the most exacting of these demands, but it is something that it does not wholly fail. With Bunyan, in particular, he has more success than might have been looked for. But the charm of the book (and it has charm) lies in its fancy and its imaginative description. The author has much of the poet in his composition; and he succeeds best with the fairy and purely poetic element. The book winds on with a true sense of dream, an alluring play of fantasy; and his style has poetic richness and grace, a fine command of language—with some occasional violence. This, in fine, is a romance of fancy at play, saturated with youth and poetry; not quite successful only from its too ambitious daring. At the close there is some hint of allegory; but only, we think, at the close—and to our mind somewhat nebulous, like most modern parables. But the reader has no need to trouble himself with it, in what we may call a fantasia on well-known themes.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

An Expert Judgment

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. Prepared in the Historical Section of the Great General Staff, Berlin. Authorised translation by Colonel W. H. H. Waters, R.A., C.V.O. (Murray. 15s. net.)

It is a comfort when considering any event or series of events that has aroused the greatest controversy and has been misrepresented in every possible way, to get at the opinion of persons who by their very position and profession are bound to look at the matter impartially. The officers of the German General Staff may be privately Anglophile or Anglophobe, but when they consider the South African War they come to it as military experts, and as teachers of those who must guide the greatest and most efficient military machine in the world. Their object is, in the first place, to find out from all sources, British, Boer, and neutral, what actually took place; and then, what lessons can be drawn from the facts as to the mistakes and merits of both sides, and more especially as to the proper course of conduct in future wars. The need of inculcating these lessons may be seen even now, when the native revolt in German South-West Africa is giving serious trouble to the Imperial forces. The

Herreros are not Boers, it is true, but they have probably learnt Boer tactics to some extent.

This work, therefore, very excellently translated by Colonel Waters, formerly our Military Attaché at Berlin, has great value for our soldiers and for all interested in military history. In some points we may perhaps question the accuracy of the German estimates. The Boer forces seem under-estimated; the surrender at the end of the war brought in many more than either side probably expected, though, no doubt, many, both of these and the prisoners, would not have been reckoned as combatants in any state but the Boer Republics.

The present volume discusses the Natal campaign down to Colenso, Lord Methuen's advance to Magersfontein, and the operations resulting in the capture of Cronjé at Paardeberg. No doubt future instalments will carry the story and the criticisms on to the occupation of Pretoria, and include the relief of Ladysmith, and possibly the operations by French about Colesberg, which, though on a small scale, would be most instructive as a subject for study.

The repulse at Colenso, which in itself is not considered by the German critics as serious, is regarded as due almost entirely to the mistake of the British commander, who gave up the fight because two batteries had been temporarily abandoned by the gunners, and then gave up the batteries. The fatal and obvious blunder seems to the Germans to be the neglect to reconnoitre Hlangwane Hill, which flanked the Boer position and the British advance, and yet could not well be held in strength by the Boers, being on the hostile side of a treacherous river. It is believed by many, indeed, that till shortly before the battle the British commander was not quite sure on which side of the river the hill was.

The chief defects of British tactics are pointed out as three in number, and of these two were much in evidence in the Peninsular War—the neglect of scouting, and the shrinking from responsibility on the part of high officers—what one may call the Grouchy disease, from its most famous instance. The third defect was due to the character of our past wars, in which small forces of British have generally been opposed to large but unskilled hordes of Asiatics or Africans. It was a reluctance to incur heavy loss even for an important result. The Boers had exactly the same defect for exactly the same reason, intensified by their lack of discipline and their complicated family relationships. If a Boer commander sent a force on a murderous attack he was sacrificing neighbours and cousins. In fighting natives, the one most important matter for the Boers was to avoid loss, for one Boer was worth a hundred Kaffirs. As the German authors note, the heroic stand of the British at Isandhlwana was looked on by the Boers as an act of folly.

It is a comfort, after all the strain of denunciation that raged over the Continent, to find the German officers bearing testimony to British humanity during the regular warfare, and allowing that severe measures were justified as against guerillas after the capture of Pretoria. This is nearly the same as the statement for which Mr. Chamberlain was burnt in effigy all over Germany. To be sure, his remarks had been carefully mistranslated.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE, OR, A PIECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED; IN ESSAYES AND CHARACTERS. By John Earle. (University Press, Cambridge. Boards, 21s. net; velvet calf, 31s. 6d. net.)

SELDOM, if ever, have we seen a more delightful reproduction of a delightful book than this reprint of Dr.

John Earle's "Micro-cosmographie." It is printed from the sixth edition, of 1633, upon hand-made paper and from new type especially designed for this and similar volumes to follow; the Cambridge Press may be proud of their work.

And we are proud to put upon our shelves in such seemly habit these pithy Essayes and Characters of the worthy Bishop of Salisbury, dubbed "malignant" by his enemies. The book is brief, but it is full of matter; it brings us into intimate touch with the life of those stirring times, as we will endeavour to show by a few short extracts. Of a Young Raw Preacher we are told: "His friends and much painefulnesse may preferre him to thirtie pounds a yeere, and this meanes, to a Chambermaide: with whom wee leaue him now in the bonds of Wedlocke. Next Sunday you shall haue him againe." Thirty pounds was no mean stipend, as money went a long way in those days. Of a Younger Brother: "If his Annuity stretch so farre, he is sent to the Vniuersity, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the Ministry, as a profession hee is condemn'd to: by his ill fortune others take a more croked path, yet the Kings high-way; where at length their vizzard is pluck't off, and they strike faire for Tiborne: but their Brothers pride, not love gets them a pardon." Of a Servingman: "Hee is one that keepe the best company, and is none of it: for he knowes all the Gentlemen his Master knowes, and pickes from them some Hawking, and Horserace termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale-house." Of a Taverne: "It is the busie mans recreation, the idle mans businesse, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the strangers welcome, the Inns a Court mans entertainment, the Schollers kindnesse, and the Citizens courtesie. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of Sherrey their booke, where we leave them." Of A Poore Fidler: "A Country Wedding, and Whitson-ale are the two maine places he dominiers in, where he goes for a Musician, & overlookes the Bag-pipe. The rest of a Musician, & over-lookes the Bag-pipe. The rest of Hypocrite: "Shee is one that thinkes shee performs all her duty to God in hearing, and shewes the fruites of it in talking." And of A Cooke: "The Kitchin is his Hell and hee the Divell in it, where his meate and he fry together."

It is a book which might well be quoted at even greater length, for it is packed full of sound meat, and quotation may be forgiven, for there is no better way of conveying the worth of the work, to those who know it not. It is an old friend to many of us, none the less welcome; we almost envy those who will explore this Cosmographie for the first time.

W. T. S.

THE "HAMPSTEAD" SHAKESPEARE. (Finch. 4 Vols. Linen, 21s. net; leather, 27s. net.)

THIS is in many ways a model edition of Shakespeare; the text is that of the Globe Shakespeare, there is an ample glossary, the print is clean and clear and the paper good, the binding is strong; the plays occupy the first three volumes, the fourth consisting of Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life," revised with a new preface; the volumes are handy, though erring on the side of heaviness; there are three portraits, beside the illustrations in Mr. Lee's work. Altogether a very admirable and cheap edition. But excellent as it is, we still wait for what will be the ideal Shakespeare: each play in a separate pocketable volume, no notes, no glossary, no illustrations, thin paper, ample margins, limp binding and rounded "corners." Perhaps Messrs. Finch will oblige? That is to say such an edition would be an ideal companion

Shakespeare. Messrs. Cassell nearly achieved it in their "National Library," so did Messrs. Dent in "The Temple Shakespeare," but in both cases there were introductions, and in the latter a glossary and illustrations. Shakespeare, pure and simple, for the pocket, that is our demand. Of library editions there are a plenty, most of them with admirable features of their own. Quite one of the best is this of Messrs. Finch; in a larger way we like most "The Arden Shakespeare," published by Methuen, as yet incomplete. Perhaps Messrs. Methuen will see their way to add to the Plays volumes dealing with "The Theatrical History of Shakespeare's Plays," "Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon," "Shakespeare's London," "Shakespeare on the Continent," a "Concordance" and a "Life"—confined to facts; we should then have a compendious and a handy Shakespearean library.

Poetry

GLOW-WORM FLAMES. By Agnese Lawrie-Walker. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE. By William Watson. (Lane. 1s. net.)

THE GAZELLES, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. Sturge Moore. (Duckworth. 1s. net.)

JOHN THE BAPTIST, A DRAMA. From the Latin of George Buchanan. By A. Gordon Mitchell. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, IN ENGLISH VERSE. By Arthur S. Way, M.A. Third Edition. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

OF these five volumes, representing poems old and new, but all recently published, or republished, the first ("Glow-Worm Flames") may be briefly dismissed. It is the average volume of minor verse, without originality of substance or accomplishment of form. Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave" courts no extended notice for a different reason—because it is too well known, and criticism has long said its say on it. It is one of the typical examples of Mr. Watson in that quiet mood—half reflective, half critical—which he has made his own, and in which he is most uniformly successful, though his rare and finest successes are in another vein. This edition has some pleasing, though not ultra-remarkable, illustrations by Mr. Donald Maxwell, and belongs to the attractive little "Flowers of Parnassus" series. Mr. Sturge Moore's slender little book, in limp brown-paper cover, on the other hand, is new. Mr. Sturge Moore is a writer whose work demands and warrants respect, for he has done some excellent and charming things in poetry. To our mind, indeed, he has done much better work than anything to be found among these very few poems, some reflective, more in the stricter sense lyrical. But, if not his best, they yet display the apparent touch of a poet, and an accomplished poet. The most successful, we think, are the three reflective poems which open the volume, especially the title-poem ("The Gazelles"), which is much the longest in the book. It has true charm, finish, and a subtle vein of thought. Occasionally, indeed, the thought a little overweights the expression, which becomes somewhat difficult, less clear than it might be. But this is seldom; for the most part it is as excellent in expression as in substance. The other two, both poems on pictures, are both good in their differing ways; one reflective, the other more descriptive. Of the poems which are lyrics in the strict and older sense of the word, some are daintily graceful. In others, though artistry is no less present, it seems some-

what too conscious; the wheels of the metre, to our feeling, jar a little, it does not move with the entire spontaneity, the airy and untrammelled lightness, proper to lyrics so slight, and at which it aims. But in all, whether quite successful or not, Mr. Sturge Moore is an artist, and an artist of poetic intelligence.

Mr. Gordon Mitchell has done service by his translation of George Buchanan's Latin drama on the theme of John the Baptist. Few, save scholars, know the work of this famous Scottish Latinist, which yet has won the praise of poets. The translation is admirably wrought, with an obvious eye, in part, on Milton's "Samson Agonistes." Indeed, the drama has so much of the sternly grave and dignified Miltonic spirit that one wonders if Milton had read it before writing "Samson." Yet, despite this, and despite its structural excellence, the English version brings out the lack of originality in its imagery, the absence of central poetry. It has austere eloquence, austere rhetoric; it misses absolute poetry. But it is interesting.

Mr. Way's *Odyssey* merits its third edition. He has felicitously chosen a metre which we have always thought to be peculiarly suited for suggesting (what no English metre can render) the movement of the Homeric hexameter. We mean the anapaestic metre of six accents, used by Tennyson, and afterwards by Swinburne. Add to this a forcible and pictorial diction, rooted in the older English, with vigour of movement, and the result is admirable. Very close, yet free and idiomatic in effect, it is to our thought the best metrical version of the *Odyssey* which has appeared.

Fiction

THE VINEYARD. By John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) In this her latest book Mrs. Craigie has permitted herself to be more human and less complex than is her wont. Her characters are more simple in mould, less intricate in their emotions, people with whom we can feel more entirely at home. Sometimes we are apt to be made a little uncomfortable at the clever and witty society into which Mrs. Craigie conducts us, and to resent her keenly humorous insight into men and manners of to-day. But "The Vineyard" will give us no uneasy moments, it does not hold up our foibles and weaknesses so unmercifully or view us in so detached a manner as usual. It is the story of a weak, easy-going young man who demands from life ease and luxury as his right and of two women, one a passionate young girl who gives him her first love, and the other a morbid egotistical woman, who "before she had reached her twenty-sixth year had passed through so many histories, suffered so many emotional crises of the fancy, had thought so much, felt so much, thrilled so much, and lived so long in the world of her own creation, that she was like a feeble flame in a closed cupboard," and who also conceives a passion for him. The scene is laid in the country among rural scenes and gentry, and incidentally affords us some amusing glimpses of life in a small country town. The character of Federan, "who thought his taste was refined because he craved the luxurious and extravagant life of the idle rich classes, and mistook his sympathy with easy morals for an intellectual breadth of view," is an exceedingly interesting and fine study. But this is specialising where all is excellent, so entertaining, so full of charm and feeling, that one turns the last page with regret and closes the book with a wish for more. This vintage will suit the most fastidious palate.

THE MAGNETIC NORTH. By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann, 6s.) No one can accuse Miss Robins of throwing the glamour of the novelist over the stern realities of Klondyke, but then she has not sat in a comfortable chair

and written of an imaginary Klondyke far away up North, but has herself prospected in Alaska and experienced the hardships, the toil, and the intense cold, almost unimaginable to the Britisher. "The Magnetic North" is no fairy story where the adventurer returns home with his pockets bulging with dollars and an incredible amount of gold nuggets. No; of the strangely assorted company of five who set out for Klondyke, four return home on the last steamer worse off than when they started, and one is left behind to sleep in death. The awful eight months' winter through which they have passed before reaching the gold fields at all has made of them old men, their faces scarred with the records of privation and frostbites. The account of their encampment in the silent frost-bound woods by the side of the frozen impassable river is almost painfully graphic and engrossing in its interest. Miss Robins is peculiarly successful with her account of the natives. The story of the finding of the little Esquimaux, Kaviak, abandoned by his parents in a plague-stricken village, whom the adventurers adopt and teach to say the Lord's Prayer, is altogether amusing and odd. Miss Robins is not quite so successful with the latter part of the book, when the five men reach the gold fields; the narrative becomes a little confused and crowded. But the story of the following of the trail, through the ice and snow, the heroic yet distinctly human efforts of the Colonel and the Boy to remain decent fellows in the midst of the overpowering silence and depression, and the account of the Jesuit hostel at Holy Cross make as good reading as any one can desire. Miss Robins has produced a strong vivid book.

THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Illustrations by W. Graham Robertson. (Lane, 6s.) "Chuck it. I won't stand it. It's all bosh." How often comes the temptation to echo this sentiment of Lambert in respect to King Quin in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" as one surveys the latest literary joke perpetrated by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Great men from Plato upwards have delighted in depicting the growth of ideal States from the germs of civilisation; but Mr. Chesterton, who revels in turning things topsy-turvy, makes an ideal State the protoplasm of a civilised community. The story opens eighty years hence, when "London is almost exactly like what it is now." The Kingship, allotted on the system of an official rotation list, falls to the share of a humorist, who conceives the notion of restoring the ancient magnificence of the boroughs. Each is to have a city wall, a guard, a banner, and a coat-of-arms—an idea possibly suggested by recent controversy over the official robes of suburban mayors! The newly elected Provost of Notting Hill is a fanatically enthusiastic local patriot who takes the King seriously, and valiantly fights to save the traditions of Pump Street from being engulfed in a highways improvement scheme. Individual ardour conquers a soulless army—Notting Hill becomes an ideal borough wherein Art and Commerce rule together. Twenty years after, when the poetry of Notting Hill life has penetrated into the hearts of other suburbs, a great resentment leads an overwhelming army of materialists to swoop down on Notting Hill. Its little band of enthusiasts is routed, but Napoleon dies fighting the last fight of inspiration rather than live to join the ranks of the "tolerably right and the tolerably wrong" brigade. *Moral.*—Man's curse—Compromise. Man's salvation—A Cause. By the time the end of this dream-story is reached the reader will be attacked by the "horrible thought" about Mr. Chesterton that seized on another of King Quin's critics who "began to think that the King's remarks did not mean nothing."

THE INTERLOPER. By Violet Jacob (Mrs. Arthur Jacob). (Heinemann, 6s.) The authoress of "The Sheep-stealers" is already popular with those who delight to read a soundly written, clear sighted and human story, and her popularity should be vastly increased by her new essay. The predominant merit of "The Interloper" is its naturalness, there is in it nothing strained or far-fetched, the incidents of the tale though romantic do not overleap the bounds of the

possible, the characters are built up of flesh and blood, and the writing throughout shows not a sign of labour, but is always simple, clear and direct. This may sound over-high praise, but we feel sure that it will be endorsed by all those who wisely share with us the pleasure of reading this excellent novel. It is not needful to make a *précis* of the plot of this romance of Scottish life in the early years of the



Illustration from "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" (Lane)

nineteenth century; we prefer to devote our remaining space to the appreciation of one of the leading characters in the story. Lady Eliza Lamont will prove to be, we believe, a permanent addition to our national portrait gallery of characters in fiction: a grotesque figure of a woman, full of prejudices and full of good human nature; quaint of dress, quaint of manner, quaint of speech; Mrs. Jacob has drawn this full-length portrait with loving care and with the sure hand of an artist. Here are some of her traits: "The only superfine things about her were her gloves, which were of the most expensive make, the mare she rode, and an intangible air which pervaded her, drowning her homeliness in its distinction." Lady Eliza lives nobly and dies nobly; again we say, a brave figure of a woman. Here is the end: "With an effort she raised her hand, whiter, more fragile than when he had admired it as they sat in the garden; even in her death she remembered that moment. And as, for the first and last time in her life, he laid his lips upon it, the light in her eyes went out."

Short Notices

MURAL PAINTING (Handbooks for the Designer and Craftsman). By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. (Sands, 5s. net.) We cannot imagine a more thorough guide to fresco and tempera painting than this book—it must for many years remain the text-book. Mr. Hamilton Jackson is splendidly qualified to be the author of such a work; and he has done that work with a simplicity that is only equalled by its thoroughness, from the clear definitions and limits of "pure fresco," "dry fresco," and "tempera," to the wax and oil processes. The instructions are as clear as the definitions; and to know the book is almost to know all that is to be known of mural painting except by the practice of it. Of the artistic qualities of "pure fresco," the "painting with lime instead of white-lead," as Armitage neatly defines it, upon the wet plaster there can be no doubt; but that "dry fresco," the painting with lime instead of white-lead upon the dried plaster surface, was bound to be more used as being more convenient than on the moist plaster is as obvious as that the mixing of the earth colours with egg or size or gum or other glutinous vehicle which is called tempera was bound to supersede either. Indeed there is the well-known incident of Michel Angelo, whose immortal works in fresco on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel so much upset him at the beginning by the change of colour of the pigments after they had been laid upon the plaster, that he went to the Pope in a panic and begged to be relieved of his contract to execute the designs. And beautiful as the pure fresco colours eventually become, this grave disadvantage of the change of colour in working must be an appalling one to the artist. The use of the glutinous vehicle of tempera is very ancient, and has many advantages. But it was the scientific spirit of German chemistry that evolved the water-glass or silicate process, which is the means employed in Maclise's two great paintings in the Houses of Parliament. This process, improved by Herr Keim, yielded the now well-known "Keim process" which Mr. Jackson gives in most workman-like fashion. And the book contains an excellent chapter on the spirit fresco known to artists as Gambier Parry's process, the method chosen by Lord Leighton for his two superb frescoes in the South Kensington Museum. The oil processes so much the vogue in France are fully described; and their advantages and disadvantages. The book remains an example of its kind in its thoroughness and for its simplicity in the treatment of a great decorative medium.

ROBERT EMMET. By Louise Imogen Guiney. (Nutt, 1s. 6d.) An enthusiastic little biography, more enthusiastic than discriminating. The story of the unfortunate Robert Emmet is clearly told, with considerable partiality but also with great literary skill, or, to put it another way, this is an excellent piece of special pleading. The authoress' strictures on Curran, for example, are such as would be used by a counsel defending his client at the cost of the accusers, bent upon enlisting the sympathies of the jury by hook or by crook. The writer can do better work than this by far and would, we think, have achieved more for Emmet's memory if she had not endeavoured to brighten him by darkening others. One query: is it not possible—even probable—that the informer who brought about the apprehension of Emmet was Leonard M'Nally?

A GUIDE TO THE BEST HISTORICAL NOVELS AND TALES. By Jonathan Nield. (Elkin Mathews, 4s. net.) The third edition of an extremely useful and interesting book. If the taking of pains be a mark of genius, Mr. Nield may lay fair claim to a genius for bibliography. The work is a complete chronological guide to historical novels, with adequate details and divided into convenient sections. The only adverse criticism we have to offer is that the word "best" might be omitted from the title. All lovers of fiction and students of history should possess this excellent guide-book.

ROME. By C. G. Ellaby. (The Little Guides. Methuen, 3s. 6d. leather, 3s. cloth.) Mr. Ellaby is too modest in his

opinion that the chief merit of this book is the illustrations by Mr. Boulter. We can agree in the author's praise of the pictures, while saying a word of commendation for the text, which is admirably clear and packed with information. Naturally, it is not possible to write at all exhaustively of that inexhaustible subject for conjecture and theory in a small guide-book, but all the essential points are given in that concise manner for which this series is already so well known.

Reprints and New Editions

Conspicuous on my table by reason of its very artistic and altogether charming binding is an edition of **LAMB'S ESSAYS**. (Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.) This reprint is, I note, the first volume of a new series, *The Library of English Prose*. If further issues are equal to the one before me I predict a great success for Mr. Foulis' venture, even though it has various other excellent reprints to combat. So distinctive and charming a volume as the *Essays of Elia* will be coveted by every book-lover and especially by those who admire the gentle essayist and are glad to see him tastefully and suitably clad. The introduction by C. D. O. Barrie is also worthy of praise. From the same publisher I have also received Vol. I. of **THE BEST OF BRITISH POETRY—TENNYSON**, a prettily bound volume and an excellent shillingworth. Two more plays in **THE LITTLE QUARTO SHAKESPEARE—KING RICHARD II. and TWELFTH NIGHT**—are to hand (Methuen, 1s. net each). I have already given high praise to this series, which is indeed worthy of it. **THOMAS DEKKER** in the *Mermaid Series* (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. leather, 2s. 6d. cloth) is represented by "The Shoemaker's Holiday," "The Honest Whore," "Old Fortunatus" and "The Witch of Edmonton"—an interesting selection. The introduction, which does full justice to this playwright, is by Ernest Rhys. Dekker gives us some very realistic pictures of a gallant's life in Elizabethan London, especially in "The Gull's Horn Book," a most entertaining and quaint piece of writing. Dekker evidently had experienced some of the miseries of an Elizabethan playwright when he wrote: "It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring with it." "The Shoemaker's Holiday" is an excellent example of Dekker's methods of writing a play, showing his gay good humour and sympathetic human insight into the lives of the people. Mr. Rhys says: "This comedy is indeed the most perfect presentation of the brightness and social interest of the everyday Elizabethan life which is to be found in the English drama." Mr. C. Lewis Hind has not failed to do justice to his subject in writing the introduction to **EMERSON'S ESSAYS** (The National Library, Cassell, 6d.). Mr. Hind writes that the essential America is not the land of the millionaire, of extravagance and gigantic trusts, but the America of Walt Whitman and of Emerson. I have received the **MEMOIRS AND TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN RERESBY**, Bart. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net), and note that this volume might well have been called the *Works of Sir John Reresby*, as it contains all that he is known to have written. This reprint is adorned with some interesting, well-printed illustrations. F. T. S.

NEXT WEEK

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

will be

published on Wednesday, March 30

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Jekyll, M.A. (Walter), *The Bible Untrustworthy*.....(Watts) net 3/6
 Ballard (Frank), "Clarion" Fallacies.....(Hodder & Stoughton) net 1/0
 Ingila (Dr.), *Repentance Demanded of us by the Bible*.....(Bonner) 0/6
 Burn, B.D. (J. H.), edited by, *a Day Book from the Saints and Fathers* (Methuen)..... 2/0
 Montgomery, D.D. (H. H.), *Counsels for Intending Colonists* (S.P.C.K.)..... 0/2
 Bernard, D.D. (J. H.), *The Present Position of the Irish Church* (S.P.C.K.)..... 0/2

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Balcony Stall, *The Valley of Wild Hyacinths, or Gerald in Theatre-Land*.....(Greening) 2/0
 Wright (Thomas), arranged by, *The Correspondence of William Cowper. In 4 vols.*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) net 63/0
 Dobell (Bertram), *Rosemary and Pansies*.....(Dobell) 3/6
 Moors (W.), *New Poems*.....(Kegan Paul) 3/6
 Wyld (M. Alice), *The Dread Inferno*.....(Longmans) net 2/6
 Dalgleish (Florence), compiled by, *Daily Pickings from Pickwick* (Long) net 2/6
 Taylor (Rachel Annand), *Poems*.....(Lane) net 5/0
 Hartleben (Otto Erich), translated by Rudolf Bleichmann, *Love's Carnival ("Rosenmontag")*.....(Heinemann) 1/6, cloth 2/6
 Yeats (W. B.), *The King's Threshold and On Baile's Strand; and The Hour Glass, Cathleen Ni Houlihan, Pot of Broth, Vols. II. and III. of Plays for an Irish Theatre*.....(A. H. Bullen) each net 3/6
 Verses, by A Girl..... 0/2

History and Biography

- Guiney (Louise Imogen), *Robert Emmet*.....(Nutt) 1/6
 Stone (J. M.), *Reformation and Renaissance (circa 1377-1610)* (Duckworth) net 16/0

Travel and Topography

- A.I.R.G. *Leaves from an Indian Jungle ("Times of India" Office)*.
 Wyon (Reginald), *The Balkans from Within*.....(Finch) net 15/0

Science and Philosophy

- Iverach, D.D. (Professor J.), *Descartes and Spinoza*.....(T. & T. Clark) 3/0
 Franklin (Charles Kendall), *The Socialisation of Humanity* (Chicago: C. H. Kerr) \$2.00

Art

- Pauli (Gustav), translated by P. G. Konody, *Venice*.....(Grevel) net 4/0
 Chesterton (G. K.), G. F. Watts.....(Duckworth) cloth, net 2/0
 Pollard (Eliza F.), *Greuze and Boucher*.....(Methuen) net 2/6
 Great Masters, Part XI.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

Educational

- Haynes, B.A. (A. G.), *Geography of Great Britain and Ireland* (Relfe) 0/8
 Morgan (H. B.), *An Algebra for Junior Forms*.....(Relfe) 1/6
 Symes (E. S.), *The Story of the East Country* (Arnold)..... 1/6

Miscellaneous

- Nield (Jonathan), *A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales* (Elkin Mathews) net 4/0
 Kidd (Dudley), *The Essential Kafr*.....(Black) net 18/0
 Edwards (Chilperic), *The Hammurabi Code*.....(Watts) net 2/6
 Raper, Ph.D. (Charles Lee), *North Carolina, a Study in English Colonial Government*.....(Macmillan) net 8/6
 Beldam (George W.), *Great Golfers, their Methods at a Glance* (Macmillan) net 12/6
 Cutler, K.C. (John), *Passing off: the Law as to the Substitution of Goods*.....(Gay & Bird) 1/0
 Merriman (Charles Eustace), *Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father*.....(Putnam) 6/0
 Dalton, F.R.G.S. (Charles), edited by, *English Army Lists and Commission Registers, 1661-1714, Vol. VI*.....(Eyre & Spottiswoode) 25/0
 Hayden (Arthur), *Chats on English China*.....(Unwin) net 5/0
 Goudie (Gilbert), *The Celtic and Scandinavian Antiquities of Shetland* (Blackwood) net 7/6
 "Templar," *Bridge*.....(Bell) 1/0
 Lockhart (J. H. Stewart), *A Manual of Chinese Quotations* (Hongkong: Kelly & Walsh) 3/6
 How to Deal with your Taxes, by an Expert in Tax Law.....(Richards) 3/6
 Yorkshire College, Leeds, *Annual Report, 1902-3*..... 0/6
 Character Sketches from Dickens, *Art Postcards, Nos. 1 and 2* (Cassell) each set 0/6

Fiction

- "The Gage of Red and White," by Graham Hope (Smith, Elder), 6/0;
 "Castles in Kensington," by Reginald Turner (Greening), 6/0;
 "The Man in the Wood," by Mary Stuart Boyd (Chapman & Hall), 6/0;
 "The Celebrity at Home," by Violet Hunt (Chapman & Hall), 6/0;
 "Henry Brocken," by W. J. De la Mare (Murray), 6/0;
 "The Prisoner's Secret," by John K. Leya (Ward, Lock), 3/6;
 "A Dangerous Quest," by F. E. Young (Long), 6/0;
 "The Fruit of the Vine," by Edwin Pugh (Long), 6/0;
 "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by G. K. Chesterton (Lane), 6/0;
 "The King's Bendle," by J. W. Payne (Foulis), 6/0;
 "Uriah the Hittite," by Dolf Wyllarde (Heinemann), 6/0;
 "Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock), 6/0;
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Reprints and New Editions

- The "Hampstead" Shakespeare, in 4 Vols. (Finch), art linen, net 21/0,
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Charles Macfarlane (Routledge), 2/0; Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," edited by H. Ballyae Baidon (Methuen), 3/6; *Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley* (Allenson), net 3/0; "The Red Triangle," by Arthur Morrison (Nash), net 1/0; "Vanity," by Rita (Nash), net 1/0; "A Millionaire's Daughter," by Percy White (Nash), net 1/0; "Almay's Folly," by Joseph Conrad (Nash), net 1/0; "The Herb-Moon," by John Oliver Hobbes (Nash), net 1/0; "The Sign of the Cross," by Wilson Barrett (Nash), net 1/0; "The Book of Sir Galahad," by Sir Thomas Malory (Astolat Press), net 1/0; "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell (Astolat Press), net 1/0; "Aida to Reflection," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (Bell), net 2/0; "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," by Cardinal Newman (Longmans), net 0/6; "The Life of Queen Elizabeth," by Agnes Strickland (Hutchinson), net 1/0; "The Black Arrow," by R. L. Stevenson (Cassell), net 2/0; "The Master of Ballantrae," by R. L. Stevenson (Cassell), net 2/0; Katherine Phillips, "The Matchless Orinda," *Selected Poems* (Tutin), 0/6.

Periodicals

- "The Printseller and Collector," "Royal," "Smart Set," "Girl's Realm," "North American Review," "Pictorial Comedy," "Ainslee's," "Good Health," "The Journalist," "Literary News," "Japan's Fight for Freedom," "Pall Mall."

Foreign

History and Biography

- Homo (Léon), *Essai sur le Règne de l'Empereur Aurélien* (270-275) (Paris: Fontemoling)
 Dubue (Pierre), *L'Intendance de Soissons sous Louis XIV., 1643-1715* (Paris: Fontemoling)

Science and Philosophy

- Tardif (Edmond), *Nature, Origine et Valeur de la Connaissance Humaine. Première Partie, Exposé et Critique du Système de Kant*.....(Aix: Nicot)

Educational

- Psichari (Michel), *Index Raisonné de la Mythologie d'Horace* (Paris: Welter)

Fiction

- Vivien (Renée), *Une Femme m'apparut*.....(Paris: Lemerre) 3f. 50

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

In commemoration of the twenty-first year since Emanuel School was re-established at Wandsworth a history of the school is about to be issued from the pen of Mr. H. P. Maskill. It will include a monograph on the Dacre family and some drawings, by Mr. A. H. Collins, of Old Emanuel Hospital.—In the year 1764 there was printed at Strawberry Hill a work entitled "The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert of Chesham," written by himself; he lived during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. This book has now been reprinted by Methuen & Co., and appears in their Miniature Library.—"A Day Book from the Saints and Fathers," under the editorship of the Rev. J. H. Burn, has been printed for the Library of Devotion, and will be published almost at once by Messrs. Methuen.—One of those fine old coloured books which our grandfathers used to delight in will be obtainable in a few days in the handy format of the Illustrated Pocket Library of Coloured Books which the same firm issue. The book is Pierce Egan's "The Life of an Actor," with 27 coloured plates by Theodore Lane, and several designs on wood.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on March 28 a special tourist edition of Professor Freeman's "Story of Sicily" (The Story of the Nations Series). It will be bound in a style similar to that of Baedeker's Guides.—On March 28 a new volume will be added to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library." The book, which is entitled "Tussock Land," is a colonial novel by a colonial author, Mr. Arthur H. Adams.—The Board of Education has now definitely decided not to print the Official Register of Teachers owing to the great expense of printing the list of the 80,000 elementary teachers in column A of the Register. The editor of the "Schoolmasters' Year-Book" has, however, decided to publish the list of secondary teachers, masters and mistresses, in column B. The list, which will be correct up to March 31, 1904, will contain some 5,400 entries with the particulars recorded in the official register. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.—The first novel by Madame E. Maria Albanesi, "The Blunder of an Innocent," has been out of print for some years. It was originally published by Hutchinson & Co. Admirers of this author's "Susannah and One Other" and "Love and Louisa" will be glad to know that Methuen & Co. have just re-issued it. The publication of this author's new novel, "Capricious Caroline," will be postponed till the autumn, arrangements having been made with "The Times" to run the novel previously as a serial in the weekly edition of that journal.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XV.—On Art by the Inch

DURING early Victorian days much was made, in humour dealing with literary people, of the piteous penny-a-liner. These jokes are now obsolete, and the single faintly amusing thought one could now connect with them would depend on the vulgarity of one's own feelings on the subject of small as opposed to large means. For no one now would think the shilling-a-liner, the five-shilling-a-liner, or the guinea-a-liner in the least funny, or, in any sense, a reproach to the fine profession of Letters. At the present time every English writer, whether distinguished or popular or obscure, is paid by the word—his fee is so much per thousand words. It is, therefore, to his interest and bodily well-being to pad, to spin out, to forget every elementary rule of good prose writing or clear thinking; to go on telling the tiresome loves of one Harry and one Sylvia at greater length than all the historical tragedies of Shakespeare combined; to go on and on detailing notes on some system of philosophy, some municipal suggestion for the public good, some political question, some volume of verse, some biography, some little play, some long opera, till the subject is wholly lost in the commentary. Voltaire's most famous articles in the "Encyclopædia" are not half so long as the average leader dealing, for the fiftieth time, with the Mid-Herts Election. The multiplication of unnecessary words—each representing a bit of money—is a national calamity. It has affected the House of Commons, the Law Courts, the transactions of all business public or private, the composition of every class of book, the newspapers, and, finally, the mind of the race. Dictated letters are seldom coherent; speeches are rarely tolerable; our most accomplished writers torment themselves to make five hundred useless sentences as effective as one pointed sentence, and twenty chapters do the duty of a paragraph. In art every line should be alive, and in speech, whether domestic, commercial or rhetorical, every remark should convey a direct notion—otherwise it may be called dead. But what do we find? People think their indolent, valueless, untested, and unconsidered thoughts aloud; no child is ever taught how to control his mental processes; no man is ever asked to put his ideas into concise form. If he has any reputation he will be asked what his terms are for his vocabulary. If the Editor and Publisher cannot afford his best examples of the verbose, they will content themselves with the most tedious thing he can manage "up to two or three thousand" conjunctions, adverbs, verbs, prepositions, adjectives, and nouns arranged in grammatical order. At this moment I am endeavouring to read an anecdote about some indivi-

duals on a farm, but the book seems longer than any one of the four volumes dealing with "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The anecdote has interest, novelty, pathos, a certain humour, a certain value; it is told, however, in a style that is infinitely slower than life; I would far sooner take a sea voyage to the ranche and see the individuals for myself than swallow so many, many pages of "scenery," "soliloquies," "dialogue," "local colour," "moralising," "psychological analyses" and mere words by the hundred. We are told that Dumas was paid by the line; hence his invention of the dialogue-form which English authors now carry to such a lamentable, if excusable pitch:

"How now?"

"Who spoke?"

"No friend!"

"What then?"

"To reply would be to confess!"

"Your readiness betrays you."

"Every one, under a domino, has the courage to be witty."

"But not every one, in spite of a domino, is evidently a Queen!"

Ten pounds would not be too much for the above fooling attached to an advertised signature; ten pence, on the old system, would be its lowest value; on the new system it would represent, signed by a very popular author, rather less than ten shillings. Let us imagine, however, that the very popular author decided to cast the sense of the above conversation into the following form:

"The stranger, who showed all the common audacity which the meekest can display under the cover of a disguise, was not able to hide the uncommon distinction of her natural bearing."

This odd fad, or whim, on the author's part would cost him, as a ratepayer, a human being, and a consumer of bread, about one shilling and twopence.

I have a suggestion, therefore, to make to stationers. Let them prepare manuscript books for authors arranged as telegraph forms—with a proper space marked off for each word. It would be a tangible incitement to pot-boiling—a silent secretary ticking one's precious "ands," "buts," "moreovers," and "yets."

As for art or literature, do they matter? I had a friend who wrote a serial novel with such preposterous care that the proprietors reduced its price by four hundred pounds. They found no fault with the novel, and if the author would have ruined it by adding irrelevant twaddle, he would have been a richer man by four hundred pounds than he is to-day. But I believe he is on the right track. I foresee a slump in the reckless manufacture of printed unidea'd pages. It is the presentment of the idea—not the use of the dictionary—which is valuable.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

How greatly the effect of any book depends upon the mental eye of the reader. How much, too, the eyesight of every man varies from day to day, even from hour to hour. Take a familiar example. I read a book dealing with a part of the country or with a town with which I am conversant.

In such a case the mention of a mere name suffices to call up a whole scene to my mind's eye. This was exemplified to me recently while reading a very charming wander-book. The earlier chapters of it dealt with a countryside with which I was familiar; thought I to myself, this man writes excellently well, how wonder-

fully he has caught and transferred to print the atmosphere and the aspect of this land that I love. But, lo! the later portions of the volume were concerned with places that I knew not and of which the author described the beauties, but of those beauties he conveyed nothing to me, which perchance he would say was my fault and none of his.

So, too, is it with works of fiction. An I but knew—can some one tell me?—the city which is the background of "Barchester Towers," and were familiar with it, I should the more enjoy that pleasing work of fiction. Contrariwise, were I unfamiliar with Canterbury, Yarmouth and London how much pleasure should I lose in reading "David Copperfield." In fact, my loves among the novels have largely depended upon my knowledge of the scenes amid which these stories were laid. Of course, there be many works of fiction which depend for their fascination upon humanity alone and not upon Nature, such as those of Fielding, Miss Austen and Thackeray. On the other hand, many writers place their figures against minutely-painted backgrounds, notably Dickens, Borrow (if his work may be termed fiction), Marryat, in "Jacob Faithful" particularly, and the Brontës.

THEN certain moods and manners of our writers appeal sympathetically to some mental eyes, to others they are distasteful; yet all may be equally worthy—or worthless. He that has eyes to see one side of things may be blind to all the others; few are there of us who have wide vision. I have spoken of familiar places; it is the same with familiar moods. A mood with which I am acquainted can be called up by its mere name; one with which I have never come in contact cannot be conjured up to my mental eyesight save by the pen of a master.

As with the scenery and emotions of the written word, so with natural scenery I am to-day in accord, to-morrow at variance. When I am happy a sombre scene of desolation is very dear and near to me, when I am sad by some peculiar impulse I hie me to that which contrasts with my mood, to that which is glad and gay. So is it with my books; no one book have I ever found which satisfied me in all my moods, for Shakespeare cannot be called a book. To-day—so to speak—I can pore over my Lamb and he speaks to me the words that I delight to hear; to-morrow I will none of him, I will ask for stronger meat; maybe I call to my good friend Master John Milton his prose, which is so far greater than his poetry; or to Coleridge, or to Meredith.

BUT my happiness lies in this, that no mood has ever yet beset me in which I have not been able to find consolation from one book or another. There are many of us, surely, who could indite a goodly volume on the Consolations of Literature? My books are my only friends who appeal to my heart always, who stand by me in good times and in evil, who answer me when I call to them for help, who are never officious, never rude, never ill-humoured, never bored or boring. Oh, my books, how much do I owe to you, how greatly do I love you and how little can I repay you. I can treat you with gentle care, house you, clothe you, cut you, that is all.

E. G. O.

The Irish Literary Revival

ABOUT eleven years ago Mr. Stopford Brooke delivered an address at the inaugural meeting of the Irish Literary Society in London upon "the need and use of getting Irish literature into the English tongue." Since it was delivered a school of writers have sprung into note who find much of their inspiration in the mythological and heroic tales of ancient Ireland. Their poems, essays, stories, and paraphrases, written in the English language, have attracted the attention of the literary world, and the works of several of these writers, notably Mr. Yeats and A. E., take high rank in Anglo-Irish literature. Of this "Celtic movement" Mr. Standish O'Grady may be regarded as the pioneer, though in its later development of mysticism and vagueness he has no share. In his "Mythical History of Ireland" he opened the door for English readers to a hitherto unexplored world of beauty, chivalry, and human passions, a world in which demigods and heroes, termagant queens, and blithe, beautiful maidens, moved and intermingled. Unnoticed by the general public, the book attracted the attention of some young men and women bound together by intellectual ties, who hailed at once the wealth of beauty and romance revealed. With them the "Celtic movement" began, and, flowing outward, the "Celtic note" became a phrase in English literature. This movement has been confused by the mass of English and American critics with the Irish Revival, from which it is distinct. One is an attempt at the realisation of Mr. Stopford Brooke's idea of "getting Irish literature into the English language"; the other an attempt to create a modern literature in the Irish language. The first, by familiarising the literary world with the names of gods and heroes of the mythological and heroic cycles, by unveiling a little of the heart of Celticism, and drawing attention to the early Irish sagas, has done much good work. But the literary style of the movement, with its marked mysticism, must not be accepted as an expression of the Gaelic mind.

The Irish Revival—a movement started in Ireland about ten years ago by nine men—concerns itself entirely with the preservation of the Irish language, the creation of a modern literature, and the inner national life of the people. Working at first against immense difficulties, it is now a recognised force. Its effect upon the country may be compared to that wrought upon Denmark by Bishop Grundtvig's night-schools in the last century. One of its most remarkable achievements is the output of books in Irish. For these works there is a steady and increasing sale. Hitherto the sale of books in Ireland has never been large. This still holds true for English and Anglo-Irish works—with one or two notable exceptions—but is not true of those works written in Irish. Lesson and phrase books of course command the greatest sale. Of these, the five books by Father O'Growney and Miss Borthwick's "Ceacta beaga Gaedilge" are perhaps the best known. There is a large demand for both series, and thousands of copies have been sold. But the sale of Irish books is not limited alone to grammars and phrase-books, a marked literary activity being shown in other directions. Stories, biographies, historical essays, religious works, children's books, and poems are issued from the office of the Gaelic League, together with a weekly bilingual paper, "An Claidream Soluis," and a monthly journal, "Iris leabana Gaedilge." The Irish Book Company has published

a series of works, among which may be noticed Father Peter O'Leary's translation of "Æsop's Fables." A band of writers are springing into note. Already popular are Conan Mael (Mr. Patrick O'Shea) and Seumas O'Dubgaill (Mr. J. Doyle), whose stories have humour, strength, and the imaginative quality. Mr. Thomas Hayes has written a novel, and the works of Father Peter O'Leary and Father Dinneen are widely read. There is a tendency in the movement to create a drama, and Dr. Douglas Hyde has led in this direction with his folk-plays. Of these he has written several, amongst others a Nativity Play, which charms by its simplicity and directness. Eamon O'Neill's historical play, "Aodh Ua Neill," has been acted in Dublin and the provinces; and more popular still are "Tadg Saor" and "An Sprid," both by Father O'Leary. For seven years a convention, "Oireactas," has been held every spring in Dublin, at which literary contests in the Irish language take place, and prizes are given. It is becoming a great national gathering, a centre whence flows the new literary life in Ireland. The "Celtic movement" has obscured the Irish Revival for English and American critics, though it is watched with interest on the Continent. They do not appear to be aware yet of its strength, vitality, and growth, or to realise that a modern literature is being created in the Irish language.

L. McMANUS.

Science

The Birth of Love

TRACING beyond antiquity the history of our kind and its ancestors, can we discern the origin of altruism, the birth of love, the first stage in that evolution which ultimately leads to the occurrence of a "sense of sin"? I believe we can; and I believe we may discern certain epoch-making events in the course of this long ascent.

Logically, we must recognise, as Spencer does, the rudimentary germ of altruism in the first division of the first living cell, but the beginnings are verily feeble enough as seen here. At any rate, we may observe the association of what must fairly be termed something more than egoism with the function of *reproduction*. Now this business of reproduction is Nature's most decisive demand from any living thing. When we go a little further we shall find ourselves entitled to the conclusion that love—need I say, once for all, I do not mean sexual love!—is inextricably bound up, in its origin and development, with the prime function of living matter: a conclusion worthy of contemplation.

But before we reach anything that can definitely be recognised as altruistic, we must pass onward for many thousands or millions of years, until we observe the evolution of a new phenomenon—which we call sex. And we find that the burden of the reproductive—or altruistic—act falls upon a particular sex which we call female. We find, furthermore, the evolution of an object called an egg, and we discover that the parents, especially the female, develop certain sentiments of affection towards this egg: sacrifice egoistic desires, in order that they may keep the egg warm; seek for food with which to feed the young creature hatched from the egg. The birds have gone no further than this. Beautiful and significant as is their parental care—except in certain degenerates such as the cuckoo—the egg and all it implies constitutes the limit of their altruism.

But there is evolved a new and strange phenomenon. It is called a mammal, and its coming is the greatest event but one in the history of life. The oldest mammals on the earth are found in Australia. The zoologist calls them the Monotremes, and their type is the duckmole or ornithorhynchus. These strange creatures are mammals, for they suckle their young: yet they lay eggs. Their survival on a sequestered island serves to-day to show us the gradual development of the mammal from the egg-laying or oviparous animal. Then there is reached another stage. The young creature is born "alive"—as if an egg were not alive!—but unable to live unless it be partially restored to its mother. The Marsupials represent this stage. The young kangaroo, born after it has passed through the egg stage from which we have all emerged, but born prematurely as compared with the higher mammals, is restored to the maternal pouch, there to complete the first stage of its development.

And then we reach the typical mammal, such as the cat. And we may observe that, all this time, the young creature, though born in a later stage of development, is yet becoming more and more helpless. The young crocodile, which left its mother in the primitive egg stage, yet develops with ease and rapidity under the solar rays, and is by no means an incompetent creature when hatched, despite its tiny size of about six inches. The new-born kitten, on the other hand, though born in a much later stage of development, is very helpless. And if we pass to the final stage, we find this helplessness in an extreme form. What could be a more helpless object than a human baby? Nor is this an ephemeral phase. For years the young of the human species are entirely dependent on parental care: a fact which has led to the great and unique development of altruism in man. Now let us look broadly at the facts.

With the coming of the mammal we see this astounding sight. Here are two objects, products, by a necessary law, of a "vital putrefaction of the dust," two discrete agglomerations of the matter and energy which are the manifestations of the Cosmos to us. And one of these objects has developed within itself certain specialised portions in which its life-blood is transformed, at no small cost, into a wonderful fluid *designed for the use of the other*. Verily, this is a striking phase of the "struggle for existence." Here is a living thing struggling that *something else* shall exist!

So it is that the sublime chapter in which the founder of dogmatic Christianity describes that charity which never faileth, that highest expression of the human worship of Love, finds its genesis in the breasts of the mammalian mother. The poets sing of the beauty of woman's bosom. Little, indeed, do they know of its beauty. "Science is itself poetic," asserted Spencer long ago. Some day when a poet shall arise with knowledge, and shall sing in deathless verse of the inner meaning of woman's bosom, shall tell us the truth that wakes to perish never—that the maternal breast is the fount whence Love has flowed, who then will dare to say that Keats' last sonnet is as much as we may expect from the poet who is neither superficialist nor sensualist?

The philosophy of Herbert Spencer has placed maternity and maternal love on an unapproachable and perdurable pinnacle of glory. In this it resembles Roman Catholicism—which believes that he is burning now. When, with the advent of man, living matter first became *self-conscious*—this is the profound truth underlying the fable about the tree of knowledge of

good and evil—there was conceived a conscious code of morality. Concocted and enforced by man, the physically stronger, it has ever been cruelly unfair to woman.

The sum of cruelty and misery that woman, since the dawn of humanity, has had to suffer at the hands of man, can indeed not long be dwelt upon by any sensitive mind. Nevertheless, though woman has been the last to benefit by the evolution of the moral sense, she herself has always possessed it in higher degree. Ask me why woman is a more moral being than man to-day, and the answer is easy. Her sex invented morals.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

It is said that failure teaches as clear lessons as does success; if this be so it may prove useful to attempt to learn something from the disastrous failure of Mr.

George Alexander's production of an English version of Hartleben's "Rosenmontag" at the St. James' Theatre. I have urged again and again in this column that a serious play must be based upon human emotion, not upon stage emotion, and that the characters must be beings of flesh and blood, not mere clothes-props. Our modern plays grow old-fashioned in the course of a very few years for the simple reason that they are based on passing manners, not on lasting emotions. A comedy deals with the development of character, a tragedy with the development of an emotion, but in both cases the foundation must be laid deep in human nature. Shakespeare can never grow old-fashioned while human nature remains what it was in his day and what it is still; how few recent dramas will stand the test of time.

"ROSENMONTAG" was doomed to failure simply because it is stazy and untrue. Its success in Germany was doubtless gained because of its "topical" interest, and by reason of its pictures of barrack life. These interests could not appeal to an English audience, who would naturally fail to be excited by discussions of the German officer's intricate code of honour. By the way, do German officers order champagne—"chammy," as our translator puts it—on the slightest possible provocation? The German officers I have known do not, but they do boast better manners and more decent conduct than that of the officers in this rather wearisome picture of drinking, gambling, debt, and debauchery.

"ROSENMONTAG" ends with the suicide of the hero and heroine—if we may use such dignified terms for them—and is, therefore, presumably meant to be a tragedy. As a fact, it more nearly approaches farce. All is pre-arranged by the dramatist; the footfall of fate is never heard. Worse still, we are promised all kinds of strong meat, but it ever turns out to be potted meat of the stage-banquet description. The hero, for instance, threatens his enemies with "They shall pay for it! . . . They—shall pay!! . . ." but they don't, and he does, though why or wherefore the gods only know—the gods of the theatre. Worse still, not a single character is redeemed by a touch of human nature, they are all puppets dancing to the tune piped by the author, for which naturally the public decline to pay.

To sum up, the play is utterly out of touch with life and therefore must fail to interest living people. There

is an old story of the performance of a play in Australia long years ago, when the colony was young and women and babies scarce. In the midst of the play the audience was startled by the crying of a baby; and—so the story goes—it was the play that was stopped, not the child, for its voice had gone home to the hearts of the spectators—it was a touch of human nature amid the pasteboard and pinchbeck emotions of the play. In our playhouses to-day how often is this the case; all the humanity is before the curtain, behind



MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

which shams reign supreme. I do not for a moment believe that our drama is dead or even on its death-bed; it is only asleep and can be awakened by one touch of Nature. We are tired to death, all of us, of stage love and its made-up, conventional intrigues. We shall never tire of the human love in "Romeo and Juliet," revenge in "Hamlet," jealousy in "Othello," ambition in "Macbeth" and pride in "Coriolanus." No; love is not the only emotion round which a tragedy may be woven, as we have recently seen in "The Man of Honour" and "The Arm of the Law." May we hope that these two plays indicate a coming revulsion against the emptiness of modern plays and give promise—to be fulfilled—of a return to Nature?

VERY welcome is the news of Mr. Forbes Robertson's success as Hamlet in America. Mr. Robertson has done much good work for the drama and the stage, not always receiving adequate recognition at the hands of the public. If we are to have a *répertoire* theatre, such an actor, scholar, and clever stage-manager would be a good man to whom to entrust the management; of not every actor can the same be said. As we have sent a distinguished Hamlet to America, may we not fairly

ask for an exchange, hoping to see on this side the Atlantic Mr. Edward H. Sothern in the same part? Mr. Sothern bears an honoured stage name, being the son of Lord Dundreary and David Garrick. Mr. E. H. Sothern has played other Shakespearean parts, notably Mercutio, whose gallant humour exactly suited the actor's methods; his D'Artagnan was more of a human being than that vivacious youth is wont to be upon the boards, he has made bearable that paste-board hero Claude Melnotte, and one of his chiefest successes was made in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell." Mr. Sothern is yet young—as we count years nowadays—being born in 1859 and making his first bow to an audience in 1879, when he played a small part under his father's eye in Abbey's Park Theatre, New York.

THE programme of The Irish National Theatre Society's performances at the Royalty Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon and evening gives promise of good entertainment. Among the plays to be performed are "The King's Threshold" by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen," both by Mr. J. M. Synge. The first named has just been issued by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

Musical Notes

IN connection with the recent Elgar Festival, a word of praise is due to the excellent analytical notes provided—by that most acute and at the same time enthusiastic commentator, Mr. A. J. Jaeger, in the case of "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles," and by Messrs. Percy Pitt and Alfred Kalisch in the case of the third night's concert. Elgar's music, more than most, stands in need of analysis if all its clever details are to be appreciated, and the task of explaining it was most efficiently performed in this case. Messrs. Pitt and Kalisch, among other things, told one a little more than was previously known concerning the personal basis of those mysterious "Enigma" variations—perhaps the most individual of all the compositions which Elgar has so far produced.

EACH of the variations, it will be remembered, is distinguished by a different pseudonym or set of initials standing for various friends of the composer, whose several temperaments are portrayed in his music. It is a pretty and amusing form of compliment which Dr. Elgar has adopted here, and naturally there has been speculation as to the identity of those thus honoured. The latest analysis of the work reveals the fact that the first variation headed C.A.E. stands for the composer's wife, while many will identify without much difficulty the "subject" of variation ix., headed "Nimrod"—perhaps the finest of the whole set, by the way—when helped by the information that it has nothing to do with a sporting personage, but "owes its title to a play on the name of one of the composer's most intimate friends."

CERTAINLY any friend might be proud of such a tribute as that contained in the music of this noble variation, which I venture to predict will live as long as anything which Elgar has so far written. Concerning variation xiii., marked by nothing more definite than three asterisks, and containing as one of its features a phrase from Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," we are told that it stands for a lady who was at the time of its composition on a long voyage—though

I hardly agree with the opinion that its "romantic atmosphere" is particularly marked. It is one of the few to my mind which do not really come off, and can be fairly voted more or less ineffective. In this connection, by the way, it would be interesting to know who is portrayed in variation xii.—"Troyte" (*presto*). The music suggests a person of cyclonic temperament.

AMONG the new singers to be heard at Covent Garden this season will be included, it seems, in addition to Frau Destin, of Berlin, and Miss Parkina, quite a crop of tenors—among them, Herr Burrian, of Munich and Dresden; M. Herold, of Copenhagen; M. Dalmorès, of the Brussels Monnaie, and M. Dufliche, son of the well-known baritone. Caruso, Van Dyck, and Krauss will also be reappearing along with other old friends, so that in this important particular the company should not lack strength this year. Mme. Suzanne Adams, I note, has been chosen to create the triple rôle of Olimpia, Antonie, and Stella in Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"—the one novelty of the season of any interest so far announced.

RICHARD STRAUSS' "Sinfonia Domestica," the distinction of performing which for the first time has been accorded to a New York orchestra, seems from all accounts to be not less original in character than any of its author's previous compositions. But one statement which I read concerning it gives cause for surprise. "The second theme, representing the Woman (or the Wife), is of angular rhythm, and leaps over wide intervals." Now how can a theme of such a nature portray appropriately such a winning personality as that of Mme. Strauss de Ahna? Critics of "Ein Heldenleben" have remarked before now that the composer had surely intended to insult his wife by the theme or themes standing for the element of the eternal feminine in that work. Now apparently he has laid himself open once more to a similar accusation. But his wife no doubt knows better than to believe such things.

ACCORDING to one of the correspondents, New York is threatened with an outbreak of "Parsifalitis" next season. "All sorts of performances are threatened, some without music, but many of a serious character." The last phrase is rather suggestive. Can the implication be that most of the performances contemplated are to be of a humorous nature? "Parsifal" certainly might be burlesqued without much difficulty, and there are scoffers who declare that as it is Wagner never wrote anything more comic than certain passages in this work—that in which Amfortas announces that he is about to take his bath, for instance. But even in New York it can hardly be proposed to convert the *Bühnenweihfestspiel* into a musical comedy.

In the forthcoming number of the "Hibbert Journal" Prof. Henry Jones writes on "The Moral Aspect of the Fiscal Question," dealing with a side of the subject which has, perhaps, not received as much attention as it deserves. Sir Oliver Lodge contributes some "Suggestions towards the Re-interpretation of Christian Doctrine"; and Canon Hensley Henson writes on "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ," and the Bishop of Ripon on "Gladstone as a Moral and Religious Personality." Other articles are: "Mr. Meyer's Theory of the Subliminal Self," by Mr. Andrew Lang; "The Axiom of Infinity: A New Presupposition of Thought," by Prof. C. J. Keyser; "The Passing of Conviction," by Prof. W. Jethro Brown; and "North Arabia and the Bible: A Defence," by Dr. H. Winckler.

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'THE MAGAZINE of ART' for April.

*What is the "New Art,"
and what are its Merits?*

MANY eminent members of the Royal Academy, and other leading artists, architects, and designers, are expressing their opinion of the "New Art" in "THE MAGAZINE OF ART" symposium on the subject. In the April number there are contributions by the following painters, architects, and sculptors: Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., Mr. H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., Mr. G. Frampton, R.A., Mr. Reginald Blomfield, and Mr. Ernest George.

In the same number Mr. Val C. Prinsep, R.A., continues his interesting reminiscences of his intimate association with Rossetti and his circle; Mr. Henri Frantz writes on the work of the brilliant French painter, M. Gaston La Touche; Mr. Aymer Vallance on "The Boudoir"; Mr. P. G. Konody on "G. R. Halkett, Characterist and Caricaturist"; and Dr. A. Aubert on the newly found "Turner Caricatures by Thomas Fearnley." A special literary supplement closes the part.

MONTHLY - ONE SHILLING.

NOTE. Amateurs and others owning Photographs of Literary, Musical, Artistic or Dramatic interest are requested to communicate with the Editor of this Journal, 9 East Harding Street, E.C.

Art Notes

At the Fine Art Society's in Bond Street hangs the replica of a picture concerning which that strangely irreligious thing that the mid-nineteenth century called religion displayed perhaps as much bad taste and bad breeding, as much bickering and spite, to say nothing of strange excursions into sectarian hatred and the wading in the muddy shallows of theological strife, as has distinguished that same mid-nineteenth century in some of its most ridiculous pedantic follies. I need scarcely add that this theologic fury raged round the portrayal of the Prince of Good will—"The Light of the World." And as one stands before the now world-famous masterpiece by Holman Hunt, one finds it almost impossible to realise what could have stirred our fathers to all their indecent pomposities—one wonders how this serene, serious picture of the Christ, with the lamp, knocking at the door of the human soul, could possibly have offended any intelligent being who was not on leave of absence from Bedlam. But how can we blame the public taste when we read the history of the picture, and when we consider that its tragedy and its shame were the work of Oxford dons—men who are set up over the youths of England to teach them good taste and good manners? The original picture—one of the great religious masterpieces of the centuries, like it or not as we will—on the death of its owner, passed to his widow, Mrs. Combe, who gave it to the new foundation of Keble College, where, hanging in the library, it was almost wholly destroyed by a hot flue near which it was placed. Holman Hunt repainted a large portion of it as near as he could get it to its original state; and it was then hung in the library in such a fatuous position as only university dons could have placed it in. Mrs. Combe then left money for the building of a special chapel for it; and in that chapel it was eventually placed, but the authorities of Keble College still found in its sincere purpose some heresy or schism or the itch that infects this sort of people, for, when the picture was placed in the chapel, the painter found it in a new frame—designed probably by the wits of Keble College, heaven save the mark!—*the original title was gone* (I have never gathered what grievance the wits of Keble College had against the exquisite lines in Revelation, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Indeed the use of the word "sup" to the literary ear, to say nothing of the rhythm of the lines, is very exquisite)—and, what was more, a new title had occurred to the aforesaid wits which had the superb attraction to the academic mind of being wholly inappropriate to the picture! Now I am not one of those who would ever raise a finger to prevent a university don from endeavouring to show the smallest glimmering of intelligence concerning a work of art—and I admit that even an inappropriate text shows an endeavour at any rate to think about the picture; but it surely ought to have reached even to Keble College that a frame is a part, an essential part of a picture, even its colour and form—and, surely, without responsions and "little goes" and "big goes" or any other sort of "goes," even a Warden and Council of a university college must realise, though it be but in a dim and flickering way, that the artist knows what his picture means even better than a divinity student!

At any rate, when Keble further distinguished itself in manners and *la haute politesse* by refusing to lend the picture for a great exhibition, and still more by refusing to allow the picture to be reproduced, Holman Hunt did most wisely to paint the great replica which to-day hangs at the Fine Arts for public inspection. As to its qualities, to me the painting has never given quite the pleasure of the engraving; I therefore approached the replica, a very much larger picture by the way, in no hero-worshipping spirit, but I found that the garish faults of the artist's palette have never been more happily kept in restraint—the picture is a marvellous achievement in colour and freshness and technique for an artist in old age. To me, Holman Hunt's great technical achievement in paint was "The Hireling Shepherd," a work that glitters with a myriad jewels. His greatest religious pictures were "The Massacre of the Innocents" and this "The Light of the World"—and I am glad to see that the signs of a failing hand that were not absent from one or two later works seem wholly to have vanished in the enthusiasm which marks this replica of one of the masterpieces of the great Victorian years. To me the head has always been too commonplace—it is the only blemish, though, to me, the blemish that affects the whole. But there are only two heads of the Christ in all the vast world—Guido's and Doré's, neither men of the first rank. Indeed, the failure of religious art to produce beautiful types is perhaps the strangest mystery of the arts.

SATURDAY saw the private views (and very crowded they were in spite of the Court being in mourning) of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, of the Royal Society of British Artists, and of the Society of Miniaturists, as well as several dealers' galleries; and on brooding over the large effort that all these pictures mean in the studios of London, I wondered whether there ought to be so many artists, and whether their works sold, and if not, what becomes of all these stacks of pictures. What aching hearts are beneath all this endeavour! What hungry eyes must watch for buyers! Yet how very few seem to sell! How very many are not worth the buying!

THE impression left upon me is that there was little of mark throughout the day's picture-gazing; but a few things stand out clearly and insistently by contrast. At the Hanover Gallery I went to see a number of works by Edouard van Goethem; and a few of these showed accomplishment and facility in rendering the moods of Belgian scenery. A little English sea-piece, "Afraid of the Waves," gave a fresh, breezy rendering of the play of waves on a flat shore in sunny, breezy weather; whilst Mr. van Goethem seemed determined to force his limitations upon us by painting a little "Piccadilly," which does not contain a single quality of mood or colour or general impression of Piccadilly—indeed, I can imagine nothing more unlike Piccadilly. He makes some compensation in his flooded road near "Leatherhead"; but it is in Belgium and amongst the green grasses and buff sands of the dune-lands that he shows his talents to greatest advantage—or in the like scenery in England. A pleasant show. It was in another room, however, that I saw water-colours which are not likely to fade from my memory. To very few Englishmen is the name of the Frenchman Jourdain known; and it would be a good thing if his remarkable achievement in water-colour could be judged now by some of these beautiful pictures he has painted round about Versailles. There

is one of a square basin of water against avenues of leafless trees, with a splendid green bronze statue in the foreground, which remained in my vision throughout all the galleries I tramped during the last week—a superb thing, painted in the very mood of the dandified and stately and elaborate France of the great Louis. In the years to come this picture will sell for a high price—meanwhile, I am sorry to see, Jourdain's pictures lack buyers and his talents their due recognition.

ANOTHER picture that left a marked impression on my mind was a landscape by Rex Vicat Cole (the brilliant son of a brilliant father) at the Suffolk Street Galleries—"The Kennet and Avon Canal at Aldermaston"—a work in which the artist threatens to surpass the genius of his father. Vicat Cole's son has a hint of the poetic vision of Corot, perhaps as yet too much affinity with David Murray, but he has formed himself on good models, and he brings to his work a feeling for colour which is very beautiful and sweet, as his feeling for landscape is English and fresh and breezy. He threatens to go a long way; and he avoids cheap tricks. It is a pleasant thing to see an honoured name in art being kept alive by a son of such brilliant talents; and it is strange how often this has happened in the art of painting. In this same gallery is a very fine work by Carton Moore Park, "Child with Cats," which goes far to bridge this clever man's early promise and a remarkable achievement; it is one of the best pictures the year has given us so far, and the doing of it places Mr. Carton Moore Park very high amongst the younger men. Mr. William Kneen has a charming little landscape, "A Bay of the Gower Peninsula"; and Mr. Fergusson shows in "The Japanese Statuette" an accomplishment in oil and a beauty of colouring that will make one watch his future career, an accomplishment that is not confined to oils, as two or three very telling and masterly water-colours show—though the water-colours do not ring quite so true as regards colour, beautiful as their harmonies are, compared to their mastery in the handling of the paint, which is what we call with envy in the studios "glorious blobbing." Mr. Tom Browne sends two charming works, broad and vivid in treatment; and the society is altogether to be congratulated on an excellent show, the result of the President and Council getting fresh blood to recruit its ranks, and keeping a sharp look-out for the more brilliant youngsters.

At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. Dudley Hardy shows a delightful Moorish picture—"Afternoon—Tangier," that is finely spaced, and rich in his facile qualities of colour and line. His sea-piece, "In Time of War," also gives distinction to the chief central gallery: a great battle-ship is swinging on the tide with all the fuss and movement on shore that must have accompanied the putting of the old three-deckers into commission. How wonderfully sly Master Pepys puts the whole picture before us in his wondrous Diary! Mr. Lee Hankey does not achieve his telling success of last year when his "Dead Mother" clutched at our hearts—the poor dead tramp who lay in the field, her little one gazing out upon us in vague bewilderment at the strange silence that has come upon its mother; but there are strength and character and a vigorous swing in the handling of his "Nothing to Sell." Mr. Tom Browne here again scores a success; and Mr. Clifford has painted a picture in "One of Nelson's Men"—a wounded midy strolling by the water-side with his widowed mother in the sympathetic ken of

all the pretty girls of the town—a work which will probably be wrangled for by the editors as a coloured supplement—and a charming one it will make, and many a home it will adorn. Mr. Cecil Hunt makes a hit with his poetic moonlit landscape, in which Richard Cœur de Lion's "Château Gaillard" holds its high romantic place. Amongst several other good things is a landscape, "In Green Pastures," by Miss Hagarty.

At the Institute Galleries, the Society of Miniaturists hold, as usual, their annual show; and the President, Mr. Alfred Praga, and others give evidence that this delicate art has still some devotees who will not let it die.

At the Woodbury Gallery, in Bond Street, are to be seen works by the two brothers, Henry Moore, the painter of blue seascapes, and Albert Moore, the classic painter of faintly coloured women—both men of remarkable talents—both men who just seemed to miss the large achievement. At least, so it seems to me—indeed, there are those that place Albert Moore very high indeed; I believe Whistler held him in good repute; but his beautiful heavy classic women always please me as much in monochrome as in his original canvases, and this in spite of the fact that his colour sense was delicate and tender, but it was so delicate, so thin, that it almost affected me like a coloured photograph. Still—Whistler enjoyed it—therefore it must have had qualities of a fine kind that I confess passed me by.

MR. FREEMAN shows at his Modern Gallery in Bond Street the work of Miss Mary Pringle and Miss Lydia Pringle—and Miss Lydia Pringle's oil paintings, "Moonlight on the Waters," and more particularly her masterly little broadly painted "Courtyard of the Doge's Palace," fully justify his giving this lady a public hearing.

THE City of Manchester is holding an exhibition of Ruskin's work which ought to be of more than local interest—for what Manchester does artistically she does magnificently well. It is to include a splendid collection of his own drawings—and Ruskin *could* draw—works by the artists in praise of whom he chiefly wrote, with copies of the great Florentines and Venetians and others, and the early works of Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones—to say nothing of Turner.

THE present exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers will close on March 29. The next will open in the New Gallery in January 1905, and the Council is already taking steps to make this even more interesting and important.

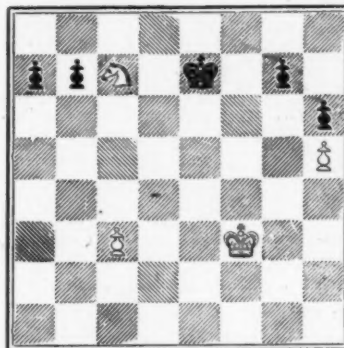
NOTICE.—The Coupons for Free Advertisements and for the Chess Competition are given on page 3 of Cover.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 1.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In this position Black plays P—K Kt 3, his best move. Can White draw? If so, how?

Solutions will be duly acknowledged and occasionally commented on.

The following game is of interest as illustrating the new defence to the Queen's Gambit.

J. CAIRNS.

1. P—Q 4
2. P—Q B 4
3. Kt—Q B 3

A. DOD.

1. P—Q 4
2. P—K 3
3. P—Q B 4

This move is quite a recent innovation. Whether it is quite sound or not, Black secures a more open game than is generally possible in this opening.

White has now several lines of play open to him besides Kt—K B 3 as actually played. If 4. P—K 3, the position shortly becomes identical on each side and so tends to equality.

4. P×B P would be answered by P—Q 5, and Black will regain the Pawn later on with a good development.

The best continuation is probably B P×P, followed by Kt—B 3.

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 4. Kt—K B 3 | 4. P×Q P |
| 5. Kt×P | 5. P—K 4 |
| 6. Kt—K B 3 | 6. P—Q 5 |
| 7. Kt—Q 5 | 7. Kt—Q B 3 |
| 8. P—K 3 | 8. Kt—K B 3 |
| 9. Q—Kt 8 | 9. B—Q 8 |
| 10. P×P | 10. P×P |
| 11. B—Kt 5 | 11. Q—R 4 ch. |
| 12. B—Q 2 | 12. Q—B 4 |
| 13. B—Q 3 | 13. B—K 3 |
| 14. Kt×Kt | |

(14) Q×P would be followed by Q R—Kt 1; (15) Kt—B 7 ch., B×Kt; (16) Q×B, R×P, with at least an equal game.

14. P×Kt

15. O-O

Very dangerous in the face of Black's open K Kt file.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 16. K R—K 1 | 15. O-O-O |
| 17. P—Q R 3 | 16. K R—Kt 1 |
| 18. B—K 4 | 17. Q—K R 4 |
| | 18. R×P ch. |

A very pretty move, which wins the game by force.

19. K—B 1

If (19) K×R, Black wins by Q—R 6 ch., and if (20) K—R 1, B—Kt 5

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 20. Q—Q 3 | 19. B—R 6 |
| 21. Q×Q P | 20. Kt—K 4 |

If (21) Kt×Kt, R—Kt 6, mate.

21. Kt×Kt and wins.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

The First Quarterly Competition commences with this issue. Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[SEE COUPON ON COVER.]

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received.—Messrs. Day's Library, Ltd., Mount Street, W. (*General*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*); Messrs. James Rimell & Son, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. (*Engravings*); Mr. J. Gamber, Paris (*Livres d'Occasion*); Bookshops, Ltd., Strand, W.C. (*Fiscal*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street, E.C. (*Theological and General*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*Chaucer's Head Library*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*Oriental, Natural History, Fine Arts, Engravings, &c.*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Cnaring Cross Road, W.C. (*General*); Mr. Henry Gray, East Acton (*International Bulletin*); Messrs. Henry Sotherton & Co., Strand, W.C. (*General*); Mr. R. Hall, Tunbridge Wells (*General and Engravings*); Mr. Thomas Thorne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (*General*); Messrs. Derry & Sons (*Nottingham Library Bulletin*); Messrs. Holland Bros., Birmingham (*General*); Mr. Martinus Nijhoff, Holland (*East and West Indies—Rare*); Mr. Arthur Reader, Red Lion Square, W.C. (*Rare*); Messrs. Myers & Co., High Holborn, W.C. (*Engraved Portraits and General*); Mr. A. Lionel Isaacs, Pall Mall, S.W. (*Rare*); Mr. A. Sutton, Manchester (*General*); Mr. A. J. Featherstone, Birmingham (*General*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street, W.C. (*Art, Engravings, &c.*); Mr. Wilfrid M. Voynich, Soho Square, W. (*General*); Messrs. Otto Schulze & Co., Edinburgh (*General*); Messrs. Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh (*Ancient and Modern and General*); Mr. H. Welter, Paris (*General*); Messrs. Brenzano, New York (*Monthly List*).

Correspondence

"Vulgar Errors"

SIR,—There is a growing tendency in modern books, even in those written by good writers, to use the word "Antiquarian" as a noun. Most people in the present day seem to prefer to speak of a learned Antiquarian rather than "Antiquary"—I find in the first edition of "Pickwick" (1837), chapter ii., the expression is put into Mr. Pickwick's own mouth, with reference to Rochester Castle, "What a study for an antiquarian." Is it found earlier in English literature than this date—or is it one of the popular results of Dickens' influence on English writers?

Another "vulgar error" which seems spreading is to write and say "different to" instead of "different from." Nine people out of ten habitually will say "it is different to what I expected." I have noted it in many of the best writers of the present day. I read it in a review in a recent number of THE ACADEMY itself! Yet surely it is bad grammar?—Yours, &c.

AFRICANUS.

The Counsel of Perfection

SIR,—It is surprising that the reviewer of the new edition of Buckle's "History of Civilization" in your last issue should attribute to Sir Andrew Clark the counsel of perfection, "If you have only a week to live, begin your folio." What he had in his mind must surely have been the following passage from R. L. Stevenson's essay, "Aes Triplex," in "Virginibus Puerisque": "By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make a brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week." Stevenson, with as frail a constitution and nearly as short a life as Buckle, put his own advice into practice, and a similar instance is that of J. R. Green, who began his *magnum opus*, the "Short History," immediately upon learning from Sir Andrew Clark (curious coincidence!) that his life was precarious. Green, like Stevenson, urged the same course upon others. Writing to Mrs. Humphry Ward in 1876 he says: "Begin your book. Don't do 'studies' and that sort of thing. I see how much time I wasted in that way."—Yours, &c.

M. A. C.

(See "Letters of J. R. Green," edited by Sir Leslie Stephen, pages 209 and 440.)

[Other letters to this effect received.]

Style

SIR,—I hope that your contributor "E. G. O." will not consider the following remarks abuse, but I think that in his observations on "Style" he is scarcely seeing the subject whole.

"E. G. O." is right when he says that the grammatical habit of mind is within reach of the painstaking, and therein condemns the great ones that are superior to such a trifle. If a would-be writer were scrupulously careful about his grammar from the beginning, he would not be hampered by much anxiety about it when he came to writing masterpieces. By that time he could almost relegate the matter to the realm of automatic action, reserving the full powers of his mind for the conception and elaboration of his theme. The same applies to the study of words. A niceness of perception with respect to the power of words to evoke thought and a waken emotion has been, consciously or unconsciously, the equipment of every great literary artist; and a very great amount of care and study is necessary to acquire such an equipment, be the writer never so great. One thing at least is certain: our admiration for the great writers is not heightened when our enjoyment of them is disturbed by syntactical or etymological blemishes.

"If a man have nothing to say, let him keep his tongue and his pen quiet." Emphatically I agree; but is Pater one of those who have nothing to say? Surely his temperament was sufficient safeguard against a too eager exposition of—"nothing." It were the tragedy of tragedies if he spent so much time and pains over writing that could not have been excessively remunerative, and all for nothing. If saying a thing "in the manner which comes native to him" be the test of a great writer, would it not be well to hesitate before denying Pater's claim to the title? And as to the thing said, there are some who would dare mention the "Appreciations with an Essay on Style" in the same breath as "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and feel that Pater would not suffer by the comparison, even though "Esmond" were quite beyond the skill of the creator of "Marius the Epicurean." If a writer is known to have laboured with almost superhuman patience to express his ideas truthfully, his style is not on that account deserving of contempt because another wrote just as a linnet trills. Thackeray's facility and Pater's pondered evocation of "the phrase" are equally good art.—Yours, &c.

W. E. W.

Literature and Moral Evil

SIR,—You will readily conceive that I do not wish to involve you in any theological discussion on "Sin." But may I suggest that literature, as represented by the master-

pieces of the world's greatest writers, differs widely from the optimistic views of modern science with regard to the gravity of moral evil and the depth of moral depravity? I will not dwell upon the Clytemnestra of Æschylus and Sophocles, the famous chapters of Thucydides on the Corcyrean sedition, Plato's marvellous picture of "the many-headed beast," the lurid pages of Tacitus, and the satires of Juvenal. Look at the four greatest tragedies of Shakespeare with the hideous characters of Iago, Macbeth, the parricidal daughters of King Lear, and the murderous and incestuous King of Denmark. Look at Swift's terrible pictures in "Gulliver's Travels." Look at the Richard Varney of Scott, the Uriah Heep and Jonas Chuzzlewit of Dickens, and the Marquis of Steyne and Sir Pitt Crawley of Thackeray. La Rochefoucauld declares: "Il y a des héros en mal comme en bien." Pascal exclaims: "Nous ne sommes que mensonge, duplicité, contrariété." Molière echoes their verdicts: "L'homme est, je vous l'avoue, un méchant animal!" Schiller's tragedy of "Wallenstein" is, with the exception of Shakespeare's, the greatest since the golden days of the Greek drama. It would be difficult to find a more precious set of scoundrels than Terzky, Illo, Buttler, Octavio, Macdonald, Deveroux, and the rest of them. Goethe, in the greatest of his works, the First Part of "Faust," draws an incomparable picture of human nature when freed from the usual checks and restraints. Faust seduces the girl he loves, poisons her mother, kills her brother, and causes her to murder their child.

These instances (and they might be indefinitely multiplied) show that literature recognises the deep truth of Kant's doctrine of "radical moral evil," and lends little countenance to the rose-coloured views of modern science.—Yours, &c.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—Mr. Saleeby's analysis of "E. G. O.'s" mental condition has certainly the amount of plausibility which may prove his argument true as regards the general case of a consciousness of certain things having happened to one before—though if it could be proved that "E. G. O." had in a previous state read a work of similar import, it also presupposes the writer of the work under consideration to have written a similar book in his previous existence, which, too, had been published. This would carry us on to the deduction that books were being again and again published in cycles of time. A sufficiently disquieting thought! The "psychological anomaly," however, is not so uncommon as we are led to believe. I do not, myself, pose as a freak, yet—I have no doubt in common with others—I have been conscious of things having happened to me before, which, after consideration, I have traced as having really happened in different circumstances.—Yours, &c.

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

The Living Mantle of God

SIR,—Mr. C. W. Saleeby's extremely able and interesting contribution to your last issue under the above title might be likened to the final blow with which Siegfried in Wagner's opera hammers out his sword-blade. The glittering weapon that is then forged is not keener edged than the relentless logic by which the materialistic and the deistic conception of the universe is once more overthrown. Yet Mr. Saleeby has left his readers to formulate the ultimate conclusion of his argument. Only by suggestion does he indicate what this conclusion is. With the caution of the experimentalist rather than the daring of the philosopher he adopts a negative when a positive attitude is quite permissible. The statement that sense perception can provide us with the knowledge of phenomena only is unexceptionable. But, as Mr. Saleeby would himself admit, some deductions, however tentative and partial, concerning noumena must be made from the knowledge of phenomena. The argument from design, however defective and even discredited, it may seem to the modern mind, apt at such a conception as Mr. Hardy's

"Willer masked and dumb," still carries us so far. The more emphatic affirmation of such partial knowledge is the outcome of the psychology of religious experience, though, as Professor William James reminds students in his "Sabbatical Year," this experience is constantly defying verbal formulation. When assent is asked to the statement that "all we know are states of consciousness derived from our sensory impressions of the external world," it must not be forgotten that capacity for these sensory impressions varies indefinitely and hardly less as to kind than as to degree. A truth clearly demonstrated by experience to one person is to another, devoid of capacity for that experience, mere imaginative moonshine.

But all this might be admitted by those who disregard the intimate relation of the perceiver to that which is perceived. When we remember our individual share as parts of the "Living Mantle of God" in the "Infinite and Eternal Energy," the positive affirmations of religion in regard to spirit and matter make their proper claim upon belief. One of the profoundest of modern religious and philosophic teachers and thinkers, while fully admitting the adequacy of the Spencerian phrase as descriptive of the activity of the Creative Power, finds the word "God" more convenient and more adequate. And why? Primarily because it associates the concept of the Infinite Energy with an end and an aim, whether considered as "some far-off divine event" or simply as the idea of the good and the beautiful. This seems to be the essence of the relation between philosophy and religion. We are the embodied thoughts of God in whom and by whom we live and move and have our being, and we are this as parts or units of His living mantle. And so, the noble philosophy for ever old, for ever new, is again uttering the imperishable truth:

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears and Spirit with Spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

—Yours, &c.

WALTER KENDALL SMITH.

34 Brixton Hill, S.W., March 15, 1904.

"All Round Readers"

SIR,—Mr. Franklin T. Barrett's letter in your issue of the 20th ult. prompts me to ask if the quantity and quality of fiction read in this country should be judged only by the statistics of the Free Public Libraries—granting for the sake of argument that the said statistics are reliable? If the large Subscription Circulating Libraries (Mudie, Smith, &c., &c.) would publish statistics we should not only have some interesting information, but material for an accurate judgment.

It is curious to note how fixed is the erroneous idea that the Free Public Libraries are largely responsible for the wide reading of fiction—and of the worst kind at that. Pecuniary reasons alone compel Free Public Libraries' Committees to select carefully the fiction they purchase. Hundreds, if not thousands, of novels are circulated by the Subscription Libraries which never appear in the Free Libraries. How many novels would never appear if the said Subscription Libraries could not be relied on to purchase them? The majority of the readers at the Subscription Libraries are supposed to be people who have been well educated—whatever that means.

Grant that excessive fiction reading is deplorable; remember that Subscription Libraries supply what is demanded, and you are forced to the conclusion that there must be something wrong with the English system of education. Is it not a fact that there is no room in the present educational curriculum for the cultivation of literary taste? Until that defect be remedied the issues from libraries, free and subscription, can never be satisfactory. Mr. Churton Collins will do more effective work by advocating the proper recognition of literature in all schools, than by trying to make librarianships monopolies for literary men and professors.—Yours, &c.

GEORGE T. SHAW.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-.

Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

"TWENTY THOUSAND RUFFIANS."—What historian was it who described the Normans who came over with the Conqueror as "twenty (?) thousand ruffians"? Was it Freeman, and was it "twenty"? I should be grateful if any one would give me the actual words, and a reference to where they may be found.—R.A.H. (Westminster).

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.—What novels of Gogol and Dostoevsky have been translated into English and are still obtainable?—S.D.A.W.

"LUCAS BOYS."—A casual reference to the "Lucas boys" suggests that Jane Austen would have been successful had she tried to portray them. Did she ever introduce a typical English boy in her works?—Bul.

* T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—Mr. E. V. Lucas's references to Thomas Griffith Wainwright in his edition of Charles Lamb, and remembrance of Oscar Wilde's brilliant memoir of him in "Intentions," lead me to ask if Wainwright's literary work has ever been collected, and if a full "Life" of him has ever been written.—Iris (Bideford).

"POLISMAN."—I have picked up a book with the following curious title: "Historia del Valoroso Cavalier Polisman, nuovamente tradotta della lingua Spagnuola nella Italiana da M. Giouanni Miranda. In Venetia; appresso Luio Spineda, 1612," pp. 279, with register. Who was Polisman, and whence his extraordinarily un-Spanish name?—J.P.M. (Brighton).

GENERAL.

SOUND SLEEP.—Can you inform me what is the origin of the common saying "To sleep as sound as a top"?—Edith C. M. Dart.

"WINCHESTER SLANG."—"Unintelligible as Winchester slang." Can any one explain reference?—B.H. (Canada).

* MARY CURSON.—In Hare's "Sussex" (page 236) it says: "Mary CURSON, Countess of Dorset, governess to the children of Charles I., the first woman in England to whom a public funeral was accorded." Can any reader say why she had this honour, if honour it be?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

NEWSPAPER CRITICS.—Can any one supply me with a list of the theatrical and musical critics of the leading London daily newspapers in 1870 and 1871?—Peter.

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—What is the origin of the technical terms of the various kinds of type—bourgeois, nonpareil, brevier, minion, &c.—and their original signification?—Reynolds-Ball.

DISCOUNTS.—What is the reason of the curious exception in the book-selling trade by which a book published at 3s. 6d. is the only one which does not benefit by the universal 25 per cent. discount price? All other books from 6d. upwards get the full discount, but the discount price of a 3s. 6d. book is invariably 2s. 11d., not 2s. 10½d.—Reynolds-Ball.

Answers

LITERATURE.

COLERIDGE.—The rendering of the line "What makes she in the wood so late?" is obviously an illustration of the older use of the verb to make in the sense of "to do." In French the verb "faire" means both, as do the Italian "fare" and the German "machen" with which our own is so closely connected. Chambers' Dictionary gives as a secondary meaning, "to be occupied with; to do." The old writers constantly used it in this sense; in Malory we have "What make you here?" and Hamlet greets Horatio with "But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?" (I. ii.). It is remarkable that it is thus used almost invariably in the interrogative, and in most cases is a direct inquiry of the second person concerned.—H.P.H.

* WIFE THE TEARS.—This passage seems to offer no difficulty if the context is added; completed it runs thus:

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears off ever from his eyes.

Mr. A. W. Verity (in "Lycidas and other Poems," Pitt Press Series) has the following note on the last line: "Cf. Isa. xiv. 8; Rev. vii. 17: xxi. 4. In the original the act is ascribed to God Himself, but Milton has transferred it to the saints. Sylvester had anticipated Milton. Cf. the Du Bartas (Grosart, i. 77), where he is celebrating the power of speech: 'By thee, we wipe the tears off wofull Eyes.'—M.A.C. (Cambridge)."

* "HE NOTHING COMMON DID ON MEAN."—This striking eulogy of Charles I. on the scaffold occurs in "An Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland." The poem is attributed to Andrew Marvell, Milton's friend and assistant in the post of Latin Secretary under the Protectorate. It first appears in Thompson's edition of Marvell, 1776. Opinions vary as to the authorship. The sentiment of this passage is by some considered to be inconsistent with Marvell's principles and practices; while others maintain that, though the ode cannot be positively proved to be by Marvell, yet the attitude of mind and the ideas are exactly his.—Wm. Murison (Aberdeen). (Replies also received from C. R. Sanderson (Bury); H.B.P. (Hastings); C.R.R. (Manchester); John Short; Gwen Roberts (Cardiff); J. Calder (Liverpool); H.C.; G.F.; M.M.D. (Colwich); and M.A.C. (Cambridge).]

* "HAWTHORNE'S PHOTOGRAPHING."—This may be found in "Rhyme? and Reason?" by Lewis Carroll (Macmillan, 1883). The book is a reprint, with a few additions, of the comic portion of "Phantasmagoria and other Poems" (1869) and of "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876).—S.D.A.W.

* "CASABIANCA."—Casabianca was the name of the captain of the French man-of-war "L'Orient." At the battle of Aboukir, having first secured the safety of his crew, he blew up his ship, to prevent it falling into the hands of the English. His little son, refusing to leave him, perished with his father. Mrs. Hemans made the ballad, "Casabianca," on this subject, modifying the incident. The French poets Lebrun and Chénier have also celebrated the occurrence.—T.H.M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne). [Reply also received from C. R. Sanderson (Bury).]

* "ONE PHOSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE."—"If this is 'Moleschott's formula' it is certainly not to be found quoted or referred to in Goethe's Works, since Moleschott (1822-1883) was only ten years old in 1832, the date of Goethe's death.—M.A.C.

GENERAL.

* "AS SURE AS GOD'S IN GLOUCESTER."—Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," says: "This proverb is no more fit to be used than a toad can be wholesome to be eaten, which can never by mountebanks be so dieted and corrected, but that it still remains rank poison. Some, I know, seek to qualify this proverb, making God eminently in this, but not exclusively out of other counties; where such was the former fruitfulness thereof that it is (by William of Malmesbury, in his Book of Bishops) said to return the seed with an increase of an hundredfold. Others find a superstitious sense therein, supposing God, by His gracious presence, more peculiarly fixed in this county, wherein there were more and richer mitred abbays than in any two shires of England besides."—J.M.S. (Scarboro').

* "AS SURE AS GOD'S IN GLOUCESTER."—According to Bailey's Dictionary, eleventh edition (1745) "This proverb is said to have its rise on account that there were more rich and mitred abbies in that than in any two shires in England beside; but some, from William of Malmesbury, refer it to the fruitfulness of it in religion, in that it is said to have returned the seed of the Gospel with the increase of an hundredfold."—H.F.H. (Sheffield).

* "ROUND CHURCHES."—I think "Templar" is mistaken in supposing that there are four round churches in the County of Gloucester. There are only four round churches in England, viz. the Temple Church in London; the Church of St. Sepulchre and St. Andrew, Cambridge; St. Sepulchre's, at Northampton; Little Wymondley, in Essex. To these may be added the chapel in Ludlow Castle.—M.A.C. [Reply also received from E. A. Reynolds-Ball.]

* "FATNETS."—I have long accounted to myself for this word thus: The full phrase is, "I would fain rest." The "I would" was never really used, and the "fain rest," being said quickly, became corrupted as we have it.—John Bland.

* "FATNETS."—I.e. "feign it." In my school-boy days we could claim a sort of time-allowance by calling "fain," doublets, &c. It was intended to restrict the limits of a game in favour of a weaker vessel; just like an allowance of weight in racing, &c.; or choice of weapons in a duel.—A.H.

* "COCK AND BULL STORY."—From the phrase "A tale of a Cook and a Bull" (as in Congreve); cf. Fr. *Cog à l'âne*, a cock and bull story, formerly "du cog à l'âne, a libel, pasquin, satire" (Cotgrave) (a tale of the cock to the ass); in allusion to some fable about a cock and a bull, or in general allusion to the strain on credulity produced by the Fables of Æsop and his imitators, in which cocks moralize and bulls debate.—M.A.C.

* "COTSWOLD LION."—There is an ironical saying, "Fierce as a Cotswold lion," the said lion being a sheep for which Cotswold hills are famous.—J.M.S. (Scarboro'). [Replies also received from A. C. Stewart (Glasgow) and C. Clark (Portsmouth).]

* "BAWBEES."—The word "bawbee" is derived from the laird of Sillebawby, a mint master. The laird of Sillebawby (notwithstanding his designation, and its suggestion of siller bawbee) was a real person; on 7 September, 1541, Kirkcaldy of Grange, the treasurer, accounted for amounts "in argente receptis a Jacobo Atinsone, et Alexandro Orok de Sillebawby respectivo." (Cochran-Patrick I. 60.) There is only wanting some direct proof of the abbreviation of Sillebawby to bawby. The idle surmise that the first issue bore the head of, or was issued by, an infant King is disposed of by the preliminary fact that "bawbees" were first issued in 1541-2 near the close of the reign of James V., and bore no head: moreover, there exists no Scottish coin bearing a baby's head.—T.H.M. (Newcastle).

* "CLUB LAW."—It seems clear from the context that *basilinum* is another form of *baculinum*. The passage is as follows: "Our Universities . . . invented a kind of argument . . . called the *argumentum basilinum* (others write it *baculinum* or *baculinum*), which is pretty well expressed in our English word club-law. When they were not able to confute their antagonist they knocked him down." *Argumentum basilinum* is defined in the Century Dictionary as "an appeal to force; club or lynch-law." (Lat. *baculum*, a stick or staff; dim. *bacillum*, a small staff).—M.A.C.

NOTE.—Among the inadmissible questions and answers this week is the inquiry of G.F. (Bradford), "Why England possesses no natural epic?" G.F.W. (Wandsworth) sends an answer, but fails to put name and address on the reply slip: the same omission debars the question of M.C.N. (Portman Square) from being used. G.E.W. (Nottingham) asks for the source of "Pretty Fanny's Way." This was given in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for December 12 last.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

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